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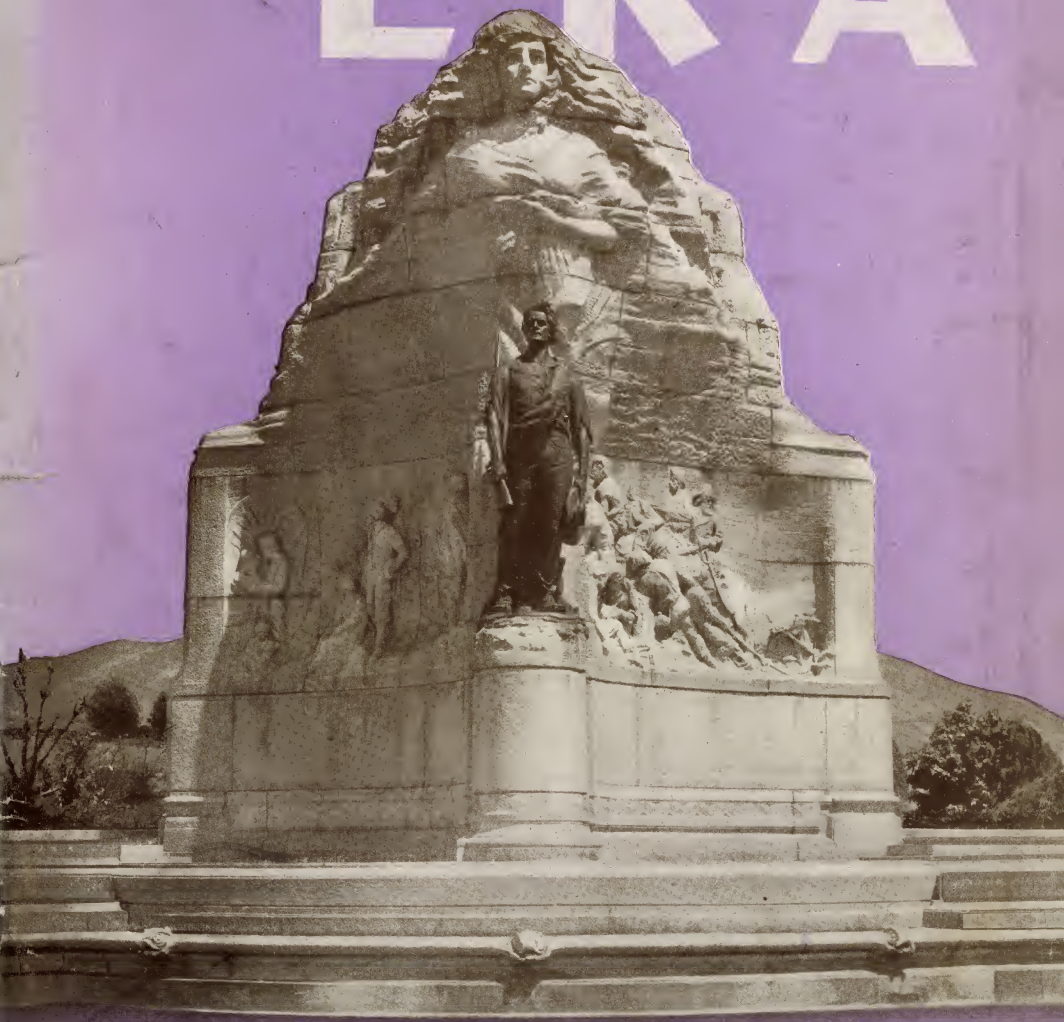

Volume 35 JULY, 1932 Number 9

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The Improvement ERA

Vol. 35, No. 9 JULY, 1932

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education

FORECAST

THE manner in which the New Testament has influenced the civilizations of the world and especially that civilization which is America is discussed in an unusually interesting manner by Dr. E. G. Peterson, president of the Utah State Agricultural College, in the August issue of the *Improvement Era.*

THE Heart of Utah" as seen by a Chicago woman during the summer of 1931 will have special interest for those who look upon Salt Lake City as being "The Place" in which Mormondom centers. The article will be well illustrated with scenes of the city.

FICTION is to find more space than usual in the August issue of the *Improvement Era.* Among the stories will be "a western" written by Glynn Bennion, the cattleman-story-teller whose historical sketches of the Old West have long ago introduced him to the public.

IN addition there will be an article about Elder Stephen L. Richards written by President Bryant S. Hinckley, and the regular poetry and art.

THE COVER THIS MONTH

THE photograph on the cover this month was taken especially for the *Improvement Era* of the Mormon Battalion Monument on the State Capitol Grounds by Earl Lyman, of the Utah Photo Materials Company. See the description by President B. H. Roberts on page 521.

For Every Member of the Family

EDITORIALS

Badge of Courage — *H. R. Merrill* 514
Day by Day — *Elsie T. Brandley* 515
The Mormon Battalion Monument — *B. H. Roberts* 515

ARTICLES

George Washington In New York City — *Harold W. Bentley* 517
Mormon Battalion and Monument — *B. H. Roberts* 521
Greatness in Men—James E. Talmage — *Bryant S. Hinckley* 522
Broadcastings from the M. I. A. Annual Conference — 529
Getting the Most Out of Camping — *Elva Moss Wessel* 534
A Prayer for this Camp — *John T. Caine* 536
The Star Spangled Banner — *Bertha L. Stevenson* 541
Navajo and Pioneer Friends — *Joseph B. Harris* 543
The Peace Pipe and the Book of Mormon — *Pearl Spencer* 545
The Magic Highway to the Silent City — *Edna I. Asmus* 546
A Rainy Day in Shakespeare's Town — *George F. Paul* 548

FICTION

Nothing Ventured, Nothing Gained — *Irene Dunlap* 526
The Scar — *Maxa Million* 531
The Love Blossom — *Laura Reid Montgomery* 532
This Bear Business — *E. W. Taylor* 537

POETRY

A Sea and a City — *Beatrice K. Ekman* 516
The Echo Canyon War — *Ruth Max Fox* 530
Western Echoes — *John Sherman Walker* 544
Conquest — *John Sherman Walker* 544
Prairie Stars — *Pearl Riggs Crouch* 559
Night on Timpanogos — *Andrew M. Anderson* 559
New York Churchyard — *John G. Whidding* 559
Longing — *Clara Peterson* 559
Prairie Yearning — *Pearl Riggs Crouch* 559
Reincarnated — *Ardyth Kennelly* 559
Tribute — *Merling D. Clyde* 559

DEPARTMENTS

Rock Garden Contests — 539
Book Reviews — 555
Church Music Committee — 560
Aaronic Priesthood — 561
Books for the Melchizedek Priesthood Workers — 562
Mutual Messages — 563
Let's Talk It Over — 576

Published monthly by the GENERAL BOARDS OF THE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS

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EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES:
406 CHURCH OFFICE BLDG., SALT LAKE CITY, UT.

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Subscription price, $2.00 a year, in advance; 20c a Single Copy.

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October, 1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

EDITORIAL

Harrison R. Merrill
Managing Editor

Heber J. Grant, *Editor*

Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor

The Badge of Courage

WHEN Brigham Young and his band of one hundred forty odd followers arrived in Salt Lake Valley, July 24, 1847, they found a sage-green vista, rimmed by mountains, and edged on the northwest by a shimmering body of water about which they knew but little. President Young, however, lost no time in exploration or in wondering whether a body of people could live in such a place. He knew they could.

The Saints, under the leader's direction, had scarcely broken ground before explorers were sent out to find suitable locations for immigrants who were to follow. Though President Young must secretly have had many misgivings he succeeded in presenting a bold front to his friends and foes alike.

While yet the first city was merely a few cabins by a creek, he spread the saints as they arrived to various parts of Utah, Arizona, Nevada, and Idaho. He knew of the hardships confronting them; he knew that some might fail; he knew that there would be whiners and grunters among them; but he sent them just the same.

Brigham Young in his prime

This was a wild and savage land. Its teeth were bared. It snarled at those who attempted to break its long slumber. The sun seemed savage, too, those July days—as savage as the following winter proved to be. Some men stood appalled, but not Brigham Young! Sustained by an inner faith in himself, in his people, and in the cause for which he stood, he seemed to be as solid as the surrounding hills.

Later an army came, but they found in the desert a calm, self-contained leader without organized armies; without funds; with no intention of fighting, but—with no intention of knuckling or giving an inch.

"You must not attempt to come into the valley this fall, (1858)," said he. And when with his consent they did come the following year, they found a deserted city with only men enough left to apply the torch in case the agreement he had forced upon the army was not carried out to the very letter.

There you have Brigham Young—a builder—a commander—but a man with visions—dreams—which he solidified into realities! He spoke and an inland empire grew up out of the savage soil—a startling, miraculous thing. It was no mushroom growth springing up and withering in a day. It was a growth springing out of brave hearts and most cherished ideals. Fertilized and strengthened by the blood of true martyrs who lie at its roots, it has in it the fibre that will last through the ages.

Winds of adversity are now blowing upon that inland empire. It, like the desert plants surrounding it, draws in its foliage, shows its spines, but it will not falter. It may not lay on large rings of growth, but it will sink its roots deeper and be better prepared for future storms which are certain to come.

The same God who guided Brigham Young is guiding his successors. The same courage which possessed the heart of the Empire Builder strengthens the hands of those who have come after him, for they are inspired by the spirit of truth and upheld by the hopes, the ideals, the faith of the same great people and their sons and daughters who gave their lives to a cause.

A great people cannot be defeated, for they will not be defeated. The badge of courage worn by Brigham Young has been passed on to this entire people not only in Utah or America, but throughout the world. Any person who gives his life and his fortune to a cause must possess the badge of courage.

And so, President Brigham Young, courageous leader, undaunted builder, capable executive, the empire you planted will continue to grow; the badge of courage worn by you has passed to those who have followed you. As you dared to build your empire of cities and towns, they will dare to build a social-spiritual empire the white form of which is already rising from this soil! If the hope of the world is in this people, then these times are a challenge to us all, and out of them will come a new order of things fashioned still more nearly after the Christian pattern.

But changes require courage. It is a time when a man should say "not you or they should, but I will put on the badge of courage."—*H. R. M.*

Day by Day

THERE is no way of knowing how many times a year the term "day by day" is used in speech. Songs, poems and prayers include it; new cults use it, with the addition "in every way;" it is well among the first when trite expressions are listed. Simple, stereotyped, ordinary as it is, the time is here to think about its meaning, and to think deeply, analytically, philosophically. The woman who left her husband of a week because she had computed mathematically the outrageous number of meals which she would have to prepare over a period of twenty years might well have put a day-by-day plank into her marital platform. Parents who fear to have children because it is estimated that at least six thousand dollars will be required to raise each one; the fine people everywhere who are losing the beauty of this day because of possible cancer, accident or financial disaster of the future, all need the day by day idea. Most minutes are easy enough to live; hours, as a rule, are pleasant; days are short and interesting. It is next week, next month, the date when the mortgage falls due, the danger of Junior getting into bad company when he shall have deserted kindergarten for college that make life difficult. Certainly there are people, and not as few of them as we could wish, who can scarcely get through this very hour because of hunger or discouragement. To many the imagined catastrophes have materialized. Not everyone can find unalloyed joy this day. But, strange as it may seem, those people are the ones who carry hope to others. The worst has happened—what comes now must be better.

A woman who will soon reach her eightieth birthday was heard to say recently, "I'm delighted to live today—there are so many interesting changes taking place. What if I had died at fifty and missed it all!" Excellent philosophy, that. If social, financial, political, educational and international orders are to change, why not find the exhilaration of watching them change and participating in the changes? Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints should be the last to fear change, for the foundation stone of modern revelation, on which the structure of the church is reared, paves the way for change, when that shall come by the voice of the Lord's appointed representatives. Many changes which are taking place today may be temporary, and not for the best; but surely they will be but preliminary to others which are good.

To enjoy the red of today's robin-breast is to store up something strengthening to help meet the revolution of tomorrow, if it should come. Every hour of friendship, courtesy, sympathy, faith, fidelity to truth and loyalty to the fine and good and lovely is an asset of character which will help when hard tasks arise and established orders totter. Stop crossing bridges before you come to them, for perhaps by the time you really get there, the bridge will have been washed out and you'll have the exciting opportunity to swim across the stream. If you must be a pessimist, be the kind who expects such awful things that everything which happens is a pleasant surprise—but let others know that it is pleasant.

Live today with hope for tomorrow and faith in the future. Day by day extract from life all that life has to offer, and if it is not as sweet to the taste as you would have it, find in its bitterness the medicinal quality of herbs. Few experiences in life are devoid of possibilities for developing growth; and in looking for them day by day, satisfaction will come. If it comes not because of ease and happiness, it will come in spite of them.—*E. T. B.*

The Mormon Battalion Monument

THE Erection of the Mormon Battalion Monument is the dream come true of the Daughters of the Battalion, who through the years kept the campfires of their fathers burning until the state of Utah and her people took notice and built the Monument as it stands upon the southeast corner of the Capitol Grounds, facing westward, the direction of the Battalion's celebrated march. The state legislature appropriated $100,000 of the funds for the Monument contingent upon the people of the state duplicating the amount by popular subscription. To the surprise of many the amount of the popular subscription was raised, and after meeting many obstacles and overcoming them the Monument was finished and unveiled on the annual Decoration Day, May 30, 1927.

The Monument is triangular in form, rising to a height of 39 feet. On the three sides of the Monument are four scenes, in high relief tablets:

Northwest side—The Enlistment.

Southwest side—The March.

On the east side of the triangle is a double scene:

At the right—The Discovery of Gold, California;

At the left—Entrance of the Pueblo Detachment into Salt Lake Valley, July 29, 1847, five days after Brigham Young's company of Utah Pioneers.

There are three figures besides the tablets to make up the Monument. These are the typical Battalion Man, in bronze—ten feet high. On the east side above the double tablet hewn into the rock is the figure of the Young Indian Mother with the babe slung on her back, representing the Vanishing Race as departing from the scenes of activities depicted on the Monument. At the top of the Monument, also hewn into the rock headland, supposed to be overlooking the Pacific, is the figure of a noble woman—head and bust and arms, with hair wind-blown into the headland as she makes her way westward. She may be called Spirit of the West; or Columbia Pressing Westward, or Spirit of Progress. However called she dominates all the groups indicated and suggests a unity to all of them and the direction of their march.

The best idea of the Monument, aside from the Monument itself, its majesty and beauty, will be found in the fine engraving of it on the cover of this July number of the *Improvement Era* which celebrates "Mormon Battalion Day," July 16th—the anniversary of the completed muster of the Battalion into the service of the United States.—*B. H. Roberts.*

"When the sun sets the sky flames with splendor."

"At the base of the Wasatch Mountains my inland city lies."

A Sea and A City

By BEATRICE K. EKMAN

THERE'S a lure of a sea and a city that calls me wherever I roam.
A sea that is ancient and inland, and a city that beckons me home.

At the base of the Wasatch mountains my inland city lies,
Green as an emerald garden, under the summer skies.
To the west like molten silver her face reflecting the blue,
And the changing clouds of the heavens, the old dead sea lies too.
Heavy her waves—salt laden,—Sphinx-like she basks in the sun,
Telling no man her secrets that the centuries have spun.
Over her briny bosom the gray gulls scream and fly.
They float on her heavy waters and ride the white caps high.
When the sun sets the sky flames with splendor. The sea mirrors copper and gold.
The clouds form in grand panorama as their sun-tinted banks are unrolled.
And often on still summer evenings when the moon transcends the sky
With the jeweled stars behind her and the white clouds trailing by,
A path shines over the waters, mystic, resplendent and bright,
And Circe a song is singing where the moon and the sea unite.

And the lure of the sea and the city goes with me wherever I roam,
A sea that is ancient and inland, and a city that beckons me home.

George Washington

By HAROLD W. BENTLEY, *Ph.D.*

Washington on Long Island and Manhattan in 1776! *Those were crucial days for the Commander-in-Chief! Harold W. Bentley has given us here a graphic picture of those trying times. Was "Providence in the background turning the tide of events . . .?"*

In New York City

FEW public men have written more or longer letters than George Washington. In one of his shortest is this alleged quotation from a would-be critic—"Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak General and bad counsellors would have ruined it." Just or unjust, the writer of such a statement may well have had in mind the gloomy chapter of the war around New York City in the fall of 1776. As one reads accounts of the campaign he cannot escape the recurring feeling that if ever Providence was manifest in an armed conflict it was manifest in this one.

Bronze Plaque on Engineering Building, Columbia University

New York City was considered one of the most important points, geographically, in the Colonies. There was no question in the minds of both Americans and British that it would figure prominently in the War. Hence, as soon as Boston was evacuated by the King's troops both military chiefs turned their attention to New York. This was early in 1776. At that time a peculiar political situation existed in the city. The population, as at present, was distinctly cosmopolitan — besides colonials and English there were Dutch, Germans, Scotch, Irish and Jews from Portugal. The Europeans, as well as many colonials, were averse to any political move that might bring destruction to their property or business enterprises. New York City was a stronghold for Loyalists and Tories. Open conflicts threatened from within the city and bombardment from without by the British ships anchored menacingly in the harbor. Many Loyalists, on their own initiative or by help of a board rail or tar bucket, had gone into exile from the city yet there remained conservatism sufficient to bring from John Adams of Massachusetts the complaint that New York was "still asleep or dead in politics and war." Official government was under a Tory governor and Tory mayor but revolutionary activity was sponsored by the Committee of Safety appointed by American sympathizers. This committee was responsible for restrictions on Tories, for ousting the Loyalists and for uncovering the "Hickey Plot" which aimed at the murder of Washington and betrayal of the city to the British. Indeed, the city was in a state of constant excitement during the latter part of 1775 and the spring of 1776. This condition and the lack of decided support on the part of New York for the Revolutionary cause was an important factor in Washington's mind when he visited Philadelphia to stir Congress into a realization of the seriousness of the situation. He returned with a great weapon—the Declaration of Independence. The Declaration was read to the American troops on the Bowling Green and resulted in the downfall of the statue of George the Third but not the downfall of his troops a few days later when they began the attack on Long Island.

Of the acts in Washington's life, private or public, that have been adversely criticised, none has received such severe attacks as the New York City maneuvers in the fall of 1776. An American Brevet-Brigadier General and student of military tactics, Charles Francis Adams, is not alone in his amazement "at the mistakes, from a military point of view, of which Washington was then guilty . . . Washington appears to have disregarded almost every known principle of strategy or rule of tactics, some of them in a way almost grotesque . . (and) . . it is not too much to say that Washington betrayed a truly singular ignorance of what cannot be regarded otherwise than as the elementary prin-

Washington Bidding Farewell to his Officers *Courtesy New York Public Library.*

ciples of military movements . . ." And Professor Van Tyne feels that "Only luck and a dilatory enemy saved him from his almost fatal errors in both strategy and tactics . . ." Accusations such as these ride rough shod over one's idealized conception of the Commander-in-chief of the immortal Continental Army.

DURING the New York campaign Washington had other mishaps, albeit minor ones, with his reputation. Immoderate, blinding rage, however righteously provoked, is not becoming to greatness. The perfect man, even under maddening circumstances, must retain self-control sufficient to keep himself and those he directs from acts of folly. This Washington seems to have failed to do on at least one occasion. A few Hessians landed at Kip's Bay (the present 34th Street and East River) and drove a much larger force of Americans in a panic out of their entrenchments and up through the corn fields of Manhattan (about where the Grand Central railroad station now stands). Washington intercepted his fleeing soldiers and remonstrated with them. This failing he vainly snapped his pistols at them, even flayed them with riding cane and sword in an effort to face them about to meet the small force of enemy. As he struggled against their panic and fear his rage overcame and maddened him to such a degree that he ignored his own safety and that of his staff. Had his horse, with him on it, not been led away by a thoughtful subordinate America's Commander-in-chief might have been taken prisoner or killed in an ignominious situation. He had become not only speechless with anger but motionless. (This same day occasion was provided for the now famous story about General Putnam's escape while the British general and staff tarried at Mrs. Murray's house for their Sunday dinner. A daring young officer named Aaron Burr guided Putnam's soldiers.)

Washington's experience in this New York struggle was one bitter disappointment after another from Columbia Heights in Brooklyn across the river and up Manhattan island to the present site of Columbia University at 116th Street. Where today stand university buildings named for Washington's New York contemporaries—John Jay, Hamilton, Livingston and Hartley and statues of Hamilton and Jefferson, the retreating Americans experienced for a very short time the only sweet sensation of success during the campaign. A bronze plaque on the engineering building at Columbia commemorates the victory. It reads: "To commemorate the battle of Harlem Heights won by Washington's troops on this site September 16, 1776."

THE following day Washington issued congratulations in these words: "The General most heartily thanks the troops commanded yesterday by Major Leitch, who first advanced on the enemy, and the others who so resolutely supported them—the behaviour yesterday is such a contrast to that of some troops the day before, as must show what may be done where officers and soldiers will exert themselves. Once more, therefore, the General calls upon officers and men to act up to the noble cause in which they are engaged and support the honor and liberties of their country."

Respite from retreat for the

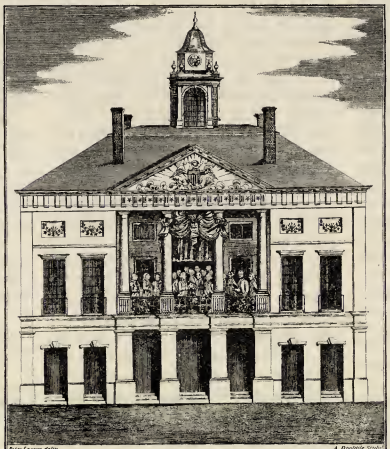
Americans was short. The superior British forces, as soon as they were inclined to action, were able to continue the drive until they had cleared the island of colonial troops and had captured Fort Washington. On several occasions whole detachments of American troops were in danger of being captured with their supplies. Many individual soldiers were captured. Among them one who regretted "only one life to give" for his country—Nathan Hale. Taken as a spy he was executed as such but because of his social and political prominence and his noble attitude he has gone down in history the most idealized of all spys.

It was a dark hour for the American cause, probably the darkest hour during the War. At Boston Washington did not have victory but he had success and success next to victory maintains both army and civilian morale. At New York there was neither victory nor success, except in small dabs, rather there was defeat after defeat and near-disaster after near-disaster. The American army was in a pitiful condition both physically and spiritually; civilian disgust and hostility were growing and the hopes Congress had cherished were fairly well battered. Washington himself is said to have opined that "all is lost if New York be lost."

New York was soon lost. What explanation and justification could be made by the Commander-in-chief on whom the blame and the criticisms were being heaped? The severest criticisms were, and still are, levelled against the opening days of the campaign. Why did he attempt to make a stand in Brooklyn and why did he "disregard almost every known principle of strategy or rule of tactics some of them in a way almost grotesque?" A simple and accurate answer obviously is that nobody knows.

Recent American policy in war has been to "let the man on the grounds decide." Furthermore, Congress favored a defense of New York for political reasons and Washington was nothing if not attentive to the wishes of Congress.

In the opinion of Professor Abbot of Harvard University "The effort to hold New York was one of those not infrequent instances in history where real or supposed political exigency overrides sound strategy, and politicians doom an army and its commanders to al-



From a Rare Print
Courtesy New York Public Library.

most certain failure. New York could not be held without a fleet; and its loss cost the Americans not only the city itself, but a great part of their already too slender means for continuing the conflict; it nearly cost them all. That it was an error from even a political much less a military standpoint, was evident from the fact that its loss had no appreciable effect on the final success of the American cause. The real strength of that cause, and the real greatness of its leader were . . . evidenced . . . in the fact that, in spite of this reverse, Washington and his army retained their fighting qualities . . . (and) . . . when Washington was able to put his own strategy into effect . . . the war took on another aspect."

PUBLIC opinion, which was not to be ignored, also favored a defense of New York. The army itself was in no mood to avoid a conflict. Thus far its experience had been, if not glorious, at least gratifying. At Lexington, Concord and Boston in the north and the Carolinas in the south the American forces had justified fair or better expectations in subsequent engagements. But they had not met the British in open battle. The real strength of those troops and the weaknesses of the colonials were still to be discovered. The discovery was made during the first two days of the New York campaign. All that could be done then was to surrender or strategically retreat. General Washington personally directed the retreat. It was an outstanding achievement in the history of military manoeuvres and presaged what came later by way of Washington strategy. It was evidence that, to quote a recent account by a British army officer, "no selection to military command was ever more justified by the results which attended it" than that of Washington. Making due allowance for the watch-care of an interested Providence the removal of the troops from the heights in Brooklyn to the island of Manhattan is a feat in the military career of George Washington not to be forgotten.

Events that followed during the next month have made New York City replete with historic spots that recall incidents of this campaign. Practically the entire American army gathered in the city and the feet of patriot soldiers trod literally every foot of Manhattan's soil. Nathan Hale's capture and dramatic execution has already been mentioned. In New York City after the war Washington bade his officers and troops an affectionate farewell. Later, when elected first president of the United States which he helped establish, Washington took the oath of office, delivered his inaugural address and made his home in this city during his terms of office.

IT is pleasant to imagine, as an old-time morning-glory-horn phonograph record facetiously set forth long ago, that "if Washington should come to life today" he would hasten to visit many of

these sites and recall some of the scenes enacted during his various sojourns in the city. Assuming that he would come up from Mount Vernon on the Pennsylvania railroad he would no doubt be greatly impressed by the time he emerged from the "Penn" station after passing under the Hudson River and half the island through a huge tube. The station he would learn is at 34th Street just across the island from Kipp's Bay, of embarrassing memory, and out beyond what was known, even in his day, as "the fields." The old Federal Building in which he took the oath of office he would not find among the gigantic and amazing cliff-faced structures known today as "skyscrapers." But Fraunces Tavern on the corner of Pearl and Broad streets, though peculiarly out of place among its towering neighbors, might bring back memories. Such a distinguished visitor would of course ride up the old winding Bloomingdale Road (now Broadway) and be feted with a downpour of paper snow and ticker tape streamers, the customary New York greeting for famous visitors. Up at 116th Street and Broadway he would no doubt be shown with pride about the "old buckwheat field" on Harlem Heights by Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University. The buckwheat field, once a scene of battle is now Columbia's campus. Between the University and the old Morris House at 161st Street he would find little to remind him of the wooded hills and fortifications thrown up by his troops in 1776. As the heavy steel cars of a subway train thundered out of the ground at 122nd Street and on trestlework crossed a swale at 125th Street he might call to mind the old "Hollow Way" through which some of his men pursued the British on September 16th. But the handsome Morris house, now known as the Jumel Mansion, he would find in first rate condition overlooking the Harlem River. Before entering he would pause on the veranda to read this inscription on a bronze plaque: "Washington's Headquarters. This tablet is dedicated by the Washington Heights Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to the Memory of General George Washington who occupied this mansion as his headquarters from September 16th to October 21st, 1776. Battle of Harlem Heights September 16th. President Washington visited this mansion accompanied by his cabinet July, 1790. Morris House 1758, Jumel Mansion 1810, Earle Cliff 1900."

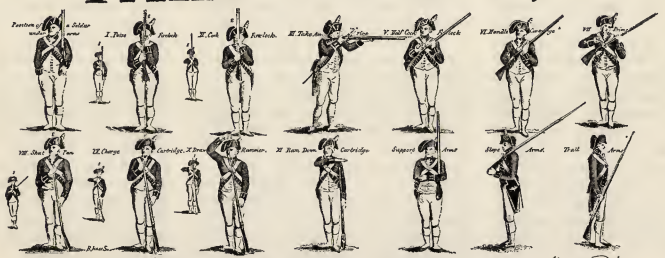
Of the old Fort Washington he would find but two vestiges, a bronze marker at 183rd Street between Riverside Drive and Broadway and a boulder cracked by the fires of the soldiers in huts built around it. The boulder is preserved on the grounds of the high school nearby named in his honor.

Washington, on this fanciful visit, would no doubt choose to put up at the old Murray Hill hotel on ground once belonging to Mrs. Murray of Putnam's escape fame. If so, he would be near the great public library at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street. And Washington, being ever sensitive to the comments of others about him, would not resist the urge to call at the library and examine some of the biographies and shorter articles written about him. Here the fancy of Washington's return, having served its purpose, might be allowed to fade and in its place a short consideration taken of the man and his biographers.

(*Continued on page* 565)

TO ALL BRAVE, HEALTHY, ABLE BODIED, AND WELL DISPOSED YOUNG MEN,
IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD, WHO HAVE ANY INCLINATION TO JOIN THE TROOPS,
NOW RAISING UNDER
GENERAL WASHINGTON,
FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE
LIBERTIES AND INDEPENDENCE
OF THE UNITED STATES,
Against the hostile designs of foreign enemies,

TAKE NOTICE,



THAT Tuesday, Wednesday Thursday Friday and Saturday at Spotswood in Middlesex County, attendance will be given by Lieutenant Reading with his music and recruiting party of [illegible] company in Major Shutes Battalion of the 11th regiment of infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Aaron Ogden, for the purpose of receiving the enrollment of such youth of SPIRIT, as may be willing to enter into this HONOURABLE service.

The ENCOURAGEMENT at this time, to enlist, is truly liberal and generous, namely, a bounty of TWELVE dollars, an annual and fully sufficient supply of good and handsome clothing, a daily allowance of a large and ample ration of provisions, together with SIXTY dollars a year in GOLD and SILVER money on account of pay, the whole of which the soldier may lay up for himself and friends, as all articles proper for his subsistance and comfort are provided by law, without any expence to him.

Those who may favour this recruiting party with their attendance as above, will have an opportunity of hearing and seeing in a more particular manner, the great advantages which these brave men will have, who shall embrace this opportunity of spending a few happy years in viewing the different parts of this beautiful continent, in the honourable and truly respectable character of a soldier, after which, he may, if he pleases return home to his friends, with his pockets FULL of money and his head COVERED with laurels.

GOD SAVE THE UNITED STATES.

The above recruiting poster of the Revolution, representing American soldiers going through their drill, is a fac-simile of the only copy known to have been preserved, which is now in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. EDITOR.

From a Rare Document

Courtesy New York Public Library.

East View of the Battalion Monument
Inset: President B. H. Roberts

Mormon Battalion and Monument

By B. H. ROBERTS

THE Mormon Battalion Monument on the Capitol Grounds at Salt Lake City, Utah, is a "marker" for the people of the United States *en route* to their "manifest destiny"—the expansion to, and their occupancy of the Pacific Coast—God's nation par excellence—in America!

Also it is a noble reminder of the part the Latter-day Saint Church and her people took in that "manifest destiny."

If one would know how much the Mormon Battalion means to the History of the Church of the New Dispensation—to the History of Utah, to California, to the Intermountain and Coastal West of the United States, then eliminate from consciousness the story of the Mormon Battalion from the movement of the American people to the Pacific Coast, and behold what a loss to history would be made by that act! There would be no record then of an American people expatriated from their country for their religion—and even while "wronged and scorned" tendering their service to that country in time of war, and volunteering to settle and hold for it new territory in prospect of conquest. There would be no world-record march of Infantry to the credit of the United States Army by these Mormon volunteers; no first wagon trail completed to the Pacific Coast by a Battalion of United States' "Mormon" troops; no story of the heroism of that dreadful march in which human kindness and mutual helpfulness among the men triumphed over all but limitless desert waste and mountain fastness. There would have been delayed consolidation of the vast territory won by conjoint action of United States Army and Navy. There would have been no prompt substitution of vigorous Anglo Saxon civilization for that of a mongrel, Spanish-native, and decaying civilization. No early mitigation of the harshness of conquerors of a country and its people, such as led both the subdued people and their conquerors —United States officials of both Army and Navy—to petition for the re-enlistment of the Battalion, or failing that then the enlistment of another Battalion from the same people—the Mormons! There would have been no record of the conduct of this United States Mormon Battalion as represented by Governor Mason of California in his report of the Battalion as Californian Garrison Troops.

It is a precious item in United States Military History, this report. Governor Mason said:

"They have religiously respected the rights and feelings of these conquered people—the Mexicans—and not a syllable of complaint has reached my ears of a single insult offered or outrage done by a Mormon Volunteer."

THERE would have been no participation in, and extension of, the discovery of gold in California by members of the Mormon Battalion; no example within the same year of a large number of the Battalion laying down their wealth-winning implements in the gold mines, to cross the mountains eastward and turn to village-building in the semi-desert region of Utah at the call of duty! A triumph of duty over mammon!

In addition to the aforesaid things which would have been lost—and which are chiefly things of the spirit—it is now a matter of record that the Battalion participated in four great concrete movements that extended, and in some cases made possible, material developments of the West. These were:

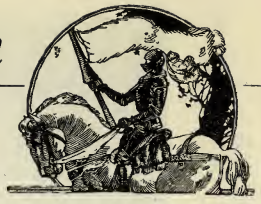
The opening of the National Highway to the Pacific;

The discovery of gold and the extension of the finds of it in California;

The assistance given in developing settlements in the Great Basin —especially in Utah.

But above all, the Monument stands for the patriotism of a people; the heroism and virility of their enlisted youth amid conditions which prove that the "Minute Men of Concord" and the Western Men of the Mormon Battalion were men of the same race, of like spirit—Americans all!

Greatness in Men



Scholar, teacher, writer, lecturer, scientist and apostle —Dr. James E. Talmage has been and is all of these. In this article President Hinckley reveals the path by which this man mounted from immigrant boy to Apostle and to the proud position of being one of the ablest defenders of the Church and the Saints in these latter days.

James E. Talmage

By BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

President of Liberty Stake

PROFESSIONALLY a scientist and a preceptor, with gifts and powers acquired by few, Dr. Talmage is also a writer and speaker of great ability and skill. He is an absolute master of English, both by pen and by tongue, and possesses a musical eloquence of marvelous fluency and precision. His style of oratory, though not stentorian is wonderfully impressive; his well stored mind, capacious memory, quick recollection and remarkable readiness of speech render him an ideal instructor in public and private."

Such is the estimate of the historian, Orson F. Whitney, as recorded in Volume 4, History of Utah, thirty years ago.

This is an accurate appraisal of Dr. Talmage's ability—he is a scientist, a teacher, a writer and a speaker. Since the day this was written he has, with unusual diligence, pursued the tasks that have come unasked to him and has moved steadily forward adding to the list of academic honors which he won early in life, and constantly contributed with his pen and tongue to the advancement of science, of education and of theology—his later life confirming all the bright prophecies that were made of him as a young man.

James Edward Talmage

THE historian speaks of him as a "scientist." While he was permitted to follow this line he made important contributions in various fields and early won international recognition for his work. He is scientifically minded and has stimulated interest in scientific study through his original work and through his ability to present and to popularize the subject. He was the first to establish courses in domestic science and agricultural chemistry in the intermountain West. Under his direction the Deseret Museum was made a large and influential institution.

He is a teacher of extraordinary ability—always in complete mastery of his subject, fascinating and inspiring in his presentation, exacting but reasonable in his requirements, constantly stimulating his students to great endeavor—he is an "ideal teacher."

He has majored magnificently as a writer and a speaker and will best be known to coming generations through his writings but remembered best by the present generation for his eloquence as a speaker. There is indeed a "musical eloquence" about his speaking which gives to it a fascinating and persuasive quality rarely surpassed.

He has spoken before congresses and colleges, from the pulpit and the platform, on the streets and over the air and with impressive effect.

Would it not be interesting to speculate just where his splendid abilities would have taken him in any one of several fields of endeavor had he chosen to follow them? His father and his grandfather were medical men and he had a predilection for that profession, and had he followed it would, undoubtedly, have become a renowned physician.

ANY one acquainted with his capacity, his resourcefulness, his readiness in debate and his ability as an advocate would at once accord him an eminent place among the great jurists and lawyers of his time had he elected that profession. Both of these fields were very alluring in the days of his young manhood and would have brought to him worldly preferments and emoluments out of all proportion to anything he received. He would have gone to great heights in journalism or won distinction on the lecture platform.

The question naturally arises—what determined his course? What led him to choose the major work of his life? The answer is easy to one acquainted with him. He has always sought divine guidance and the counsel of his brethren in making important decisions and has followed the counsel given without question or hesitation and with ultimate joy and satisfaction.

Dr. Talmage is deeply religious and has always been active in the Church. Since December 8, 1911, when he was set apart as one of the Council of the Twelve, he has devoted himself almost exclusively to his ministerial duties and has given a service distinguished for its scholarship and consecration. His life has been an example and an inspiration to young people who have looked to him with pride and admiration.

He has, with learning and with logic, defended his faith at home and abroad and expounded the doctrines of the Church with a clearness and cogency unsurpassed. James E. Talmage will go into history as one of the ablest and most brilliant advocates of "Mormonism." In this work he has found lasting satisfaction and made the supreme contribution of his life; without question it is greater and more fundamental than anything he might have done in other fields.

May Booth Talmage

JAMES E. TALMAGE was born in the little town of Hungerford, Berkshire, England, September 21, 1862, and came with his parents to this country arriving in Salt Lake City in June, 1876. The family became established in Provo and James entered the Brigham Young Academy at the opening of its first regular academic year. In his native land he was a diocesan prize scholar at twelve years of age. At fourteen he entered the Brigham Young Academy and came in contact with Karl G. Maeser who was not slow to discover that this English boy possessed superior possibilities. The fifty-five years which have passed since he enrolled in that institution have verified all of the hopes and anticipations held out by Dr. Maeser concerning this boy. Among the thousands of students who have registered in that institution since its establishment we do not call to mind any one more highly endowed than he is. His mind, luminous and absorbent, coupled with his matchless industry, very early in life won for him a proud place among the scholars and leaders of his time.

His contact with Karl G. Maeser was a fortunate and happy one, for Dr. Maeser was indeed a technician in the fine art of character building. There was a lofty idealism about him and a rational and enlightened faith permeated all he said and did. This had a deep and permanent influence upon the life and character of Dr. Talmage. Although the Academy was in those days small and financially poor there was something great about it—the soul, the atmosphere of the institution radiated to every city and hamlet of the Church carrying the name and fame of Karl G. Maeser, James E. Talmage and others.

In June, 1879, he was graduated from the Normal department of that institution, the highest in his class, and in his seventeenth year he was employed as a regular instructor there, teaching elementary science, Latin and English. He taught full time and received for his services the munificent sum of $3.00 per week or $120.00 for the school year. The second year his pay was increased to $5.00 per week. That was before the days of depression.

BEFORE entering the services of his Alma Mater he was offered a responsible and a highly remunerative position, for those days, in the public schools of Provo. He needed money and needed it badly and was in grave doubt as to just what would be the best thing to do. Following his usual custom he sought divine guidance. Retiring to a secluded place in a nearby canyon he prayed with all the fervor of his soul for wisdom to guide him in his decision and received a clear and satisfying answer to his prayer, after which he

went cheerfully to work in the Academy not knowing what the remuneration would be. And so all his life he has had the humility and the faith to seek light from this divine source. The current of

Susannah Preater Talmage

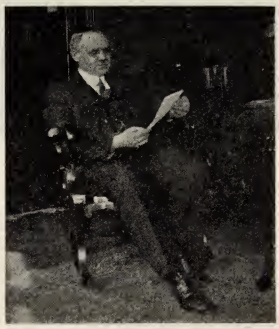
his religious life runs deep and still and strong. He has never drifted from the moorings of his early faith which is childlike and beautiful. His life furnishes many illuminating and faith-promoting lessons.

When asked—"When and where did you receive a testimony of the gospel?" he answered: "That I do not know, I believe I was born with it as I belong to the third generation of Talmages in the Church. My paternal grandparents, James Talmage of Ramsbury, Wiltshire, England, and his wife, Mary Joyce of Hampshire, England, were the first, or among the first, to join the Church in that part of England. My father, James Joyce Talmage, and my mother, Susannah Preater (Talmage) became members of the Church before I was born. They were active and devoted members."

Continuing he said: "Though I seem to have been born with a testimony yet in my early adolescence I was led to question whether that testimony was really my own or derived from my parents. I set about investigating the claims of the Church and pursued that investigation by prayer, fasting and research with all the ardor of an investigator on the outside. While such a one investigates with a view of coming into the Church if its claims be verified, I was seeking a way out of the Church if its claims should prove to me to be unsound. After months of such inquiry I found myself in possession of an assurance beyond all question that I was in solemn fact a member of the Church of Jesus Christ. I was convinced once for all, and this knowledge is so fully an integral part of my being that without it I would not be myself."

ON June 15, 1873, he was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church by his father. His baptism took place under circumstances of the most extraordinary character, as published in the *Era*, Vol. 25, p. 675. He was ordained a deacon, teacher, elder, high priest and apostle successively.

In conversation he said: "Every call I have received to office in the priesthood has come to me because some one was needed to fill a particular place, and was in no sense a matter of advancement or honor to myself as an individual. The greatest joys of my life have come to me through activities in the Church and these have been the



An hour of reading enjoyed at home

activities of a member rather than an officer. Early in life I realized that I would have to live with myself more than with anybody else and I have tried to so live that I would be in good company when alone."

After concluding to devote himself to education he laid plans for taking a college course and thus better prepare himself. Many of his brethren to whom he looked for advice warned him against this, feeling that it would jeopardize, if not destroy, his faith to go away from home to college. He finally asked advice from President John Taylor and with reference to this visit Dr. Talmage said:

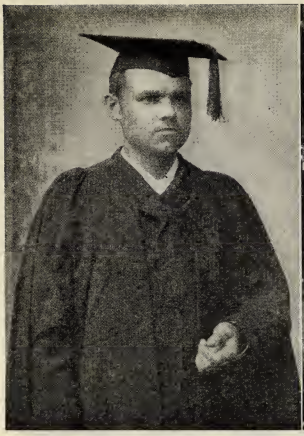
"I have often marveled at the kindness and condescension of

James Joyce Talmage, Father of James E.

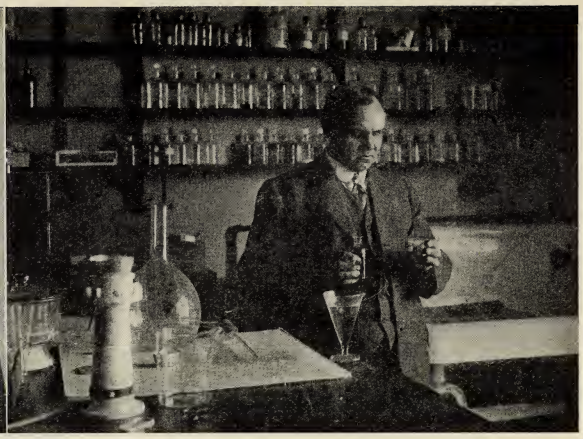
President Taylor in spending nearly two hours with me. In the course of our conversation he inquired into my work and plans. He advised me strongly to enter a University in the East and, to my grateful surprise, laid his hands on my head and blessed me for the undertaking. The blessing thus pronounced has been realized in both spirit and letter."

IN 1882 Dr. Talmage entered Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, as a special student and passed, during his single year of residence, nearly all the requirements of a four year course and was later graduated from that institution. While a student there he was offered a position as laboratory assistant which carried a salary sufficient to meet his needs for the next year. This was a distinct recognition of his ability. He declined this offer and went to Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, Md., where he specialized in chemistry and geology. Here again he won recognition and the most enticing prospects were held out to him.

He was called home to resume his work in the Brigham Young Academy and responded to the call. Here he served as professor of geology and chemistry, with



James E. Talmage as he appeared in academic robes



Dr. Talmage in his private laboratory

varied activities in other departments. While still of the faculty he was elected a member of the board of trustees of the Brigham Young Academy. During his residence in Provo he served successively as city councilman, alderman and justice of the peace. His services were now eagerly sought and many opportunities were open to him.

He was President of and Professor of chemistry in the Latter-day Saints College 1888-93; President of and Professor of Geology in the University of Utah 1894-97. In the last named year he resigned the Presidency but retained the chair of geology, and ten years later (1907) he resigned this professorship to follow mining geology.

In 1891 he received the degree of Bachelor of Science and in 1912 the degree of Doctor of Science from Lehigh University. In 1922 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Utah and from the Brigham Young University. He belongs to many learned societies and has traveled extensively in scientific pursuits.

FOR many years he has been a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society (London), Fellow of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society (Edinburgh), Fellow of the Geological Society (London), Fellow of the Geological Society of America, Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Associate of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain, or Victoria Institute, and Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Mining Geology has held a prominent place in his vocational life

His connection with these societies has given him a standing and a recognition among men of great influence which could not be secured in any other way, and he has used this for the advancement of the Church and it has meant a very great deal. This was conspicuously the case while he presided over the European Mission (1924-28).

As a result the attitude of the newspapers throughout England was entirely changed. In this way Dr. Talmage has been able to give a service which probably no other man thus far has been able to give.

If this article were devoted exclusively to his educational and scientific achievements it could scarcely catalogue them in the space allotted.

IN addition to all of this he has written extensively on theological and scientific subjects. Among his writings are: *First Book of Nature, Domestic Science, The Great Salt Lake—Present and Past, Tables for the Blowpipe Determination of Minerals, An Account of the Origin of the Book of Mormon, The Articles of Faith, The Great Apostasy, The House of the Lord, The Story of Mormonism, The Philosophical Basis of Mormonism, The Vitality of Mormonism, Jesus the Christ, Sunday Night Talks by Radio.*

To get a correct estimate of the character of Dr. Talmage one must know something of his domestic life. One discovers the same capacity for always doing the fitting and appropriate thing at home, as

(*Continued on page* 567)

Nothing Ventured,

This old title suggests an old, old story--yet that story is perennially new. Each new generation lights its own fires.

By
Irene Dunlap

Edith's small face reflected the glow of her more radiant sister as she followed Carmen's every gesture. "Ah, but, dear, it's a real test of your ability. And everyone says you are marvelous. You haven't told me, tho, how Phil Messer fits into the role of Aeneas."

Nothing Gained

CARMEN STRATTON sat before her pretty French gray dressing table, lazily adding more color to her vivid scarlet lips. To her sister, Edith, watching her hungrily from a low rocker by the window, she was the prettiest thing in the world. Saucy and impudent sometimes with all the arrogance of seventeen but delightfully vivid and refreshingly youthful when one's own life is disappointingly colorless.

There were points of similarity between them, Edith realized, as she let her gaze rest upon her sister in open adoration. Both of them had thick lustrous black hair. But Carmen's had a natural wave and Edith's was painfully plain. There were the same velvety brown eyes. But Carmen's were melting, flashing, scornful, pleading, and Edith's were only softly subdued. Altogether nature had created Carmen more lavishly. Had given her a snap and verve and individuality that set her apart.

With a hasty glance at the tiny enamel clock, Carmen rose with a glowing face and hurriedly snatched frock and shoes from a crowded closet.

"Heavens, Eda, I'll have to rush. Here I have wasted ten minutes dreaming. And if I am late to dress rehearsal—oh boy, I'll catch it from Miss Williams."

She wriggled her tall, lithe suppleness into an abbreviated garnet-hued dress. "I'm so excited I could burst. Think, tomorrow night is the show. You know, though, Eda, it's the hardest role I have ever had. Imagine me—seductive, languorous Dido. Enticing the handsome battle-worn Aeneas to staying on the shores of Carthage when he ought to be away founding a new empire. Sometimes, right in the middle of all my seductiveness, I want to howl, 'Let's all go down to the Green Mill and make whoopee'."

EDITH'S small face reflected the glow of her more radiant sister as she followed Carmen's every gesture. "Ah, but, dear, it's a real test of your ability. And everyone says you are marvelous. You haven't told me, though, how Phil Messer fits into the role of Aeneas."

Carmen's face clouded for an instant. Then she answered with a short nervous laugh, "Oh, he does the part beautifully. It's rather difficult for me, tho. You know the feeling between us."

She drew on a fuzzy red tam. "Of course, he doesn't mind in the least playing opposite me—I'm that far beneath his notice—and I flatter myself that no one knows I mind playing lead to him."

Edith picked up her neglected needlework and crossed the room with her slight limp. "He probably doesn't dislike you at all, Honey. Don't see how he could. Why, you are cold, dear. Cold and positively shaking. Are you nervous?"

"Yes, I am, now that the presentation is so near. I want so badly to make good." Tears were perilously near.

Eda petted her fondly and whispered, "You have never failed to make good yet. Of course you can do it well."

Then, at the sound of imperious ringing below, "There is the bell. Is it Dick?"

"Probably. He is coming for me. Answer it like a dear, will you?"

SHE smiled wistfully after her sister. Dear old Eda! She understood most things but she wouldn't understand this feeling between herself and Phil.

Rehearsal went badly as dress rehearsals are apt to do. Miss Williams was visibly agitated.

"That is the trouble with trying to economize by getting your costumes the day before the play," she confided to Superintendent Mills. "Philip's helmet is miserably tight. I doubt if he can stand it during the entire evening. And I found Carmen in tears after the first act over the fact that her first costume came the wrong shade of blue and she doesn't think it is becoming. I suppose that was what was the matter. I don't know. Sometimes I don't pretend to understand the moods of these High School youngsters."

"Now, let's put all we have into Act III," she commanded, directing her attention to the stage. "Carmen, you aren't nearly as much of a siren tonight as you can be. Do you suppose Aeneas would linger very long in your city if you were as cool as you are tonight? Try to remember you are holding him against his own better judgment and the will of the gods."

"I'll try, Miss Williams," Carmen answered meekly.

IT wouldn't be so hard to do, she thought rebelliously, if she were playing opposite Dick or one of the other boys. But to try to entice that icicle of a Phil Messer. Of course, he was marvelous while they were rehearsing. Acted to perfection the infatuated lover and probably no one else noticed it, but even while he was showering her with caresses she could see the hate in his eyes. Of course, she shouldn't let it affect her, but when he passed her in the wings at the end of the first act and said brutally, "If you are as rotten as this tomorrow night, you will gum the whole show," she just had to run into the dressing room and squall. Nerves, she supposed, and tension. Miss Williams thought it was because the dress came the wrong shade.

Well, if Phil was going to act so hateful, he would ruin her part. That was all. There was no sense in his being so nasty.

(Continued on page 572)

Top, left to right: Superintendent George Albert Smith and President Ruth May Fox at the Washington Memorial Tree. Doris Dalby and Lila Kainz (above). William Mulder and Elwin Garfield (below). Nellie Baker and Wm. Powell.

In circle, Noble Cain.

Reading down: Dance Contestants; Drama Cast, South Davis Stake; General Board of the M. I. A.'s; Vanguard Archery Contest; General Board Members in Costume for "Rally of Nations" (Left); Trail Marker Ceremony (right).

Broadcastings from the M.I.A. Annual Conference

THEME of the Conference: "The Opportunity of the Hour—To Enrich Leisure, to Spiritualize Recreation."

Given in the opening meeting in the Assembly Hall—

Messages: Superintendent George Albert Smith, "Honor the Lord, keep His commandments, serve the youth."

President Ruth May Fox: "Take it from me, as the young people say, hold fast to the simple faith."

Executive Secretary Oscar A. Kirkham: "We are grateful for the machine. It has raised the burdens from a million backs, but it has thrown out a challenge to us. We must provide for the enrichment of leisure time, and in order for us to do that we must have more than technique, more than a mere bundle of tricks; we must have spirituality!"

President Heber J. Grant: "I rejoice in the advancement we are making in different lines, but above all I rejoice when I hear of humility, of faith, and of a desire to give service. I don't believe I would stand in this place at the head of this Church had I not had a desire to give service when fifty odd years ago I was made a member of the mutual board. If I can plant in your hearts the spirit of humility, I shall be glad."

The latter part of the opening session was given over to the presentation of the winning act of the Granite Stake Road Show—"*The Improvement Era*, the voice of the M. I. A.," which was presented by Sugar House Ward of the Granite Stake.

High Points of the Annual Conference

SUPERINTENDENTS' and Presidents' Luncheon in the Bee Hive House, Friday at noon, where General Board members in costumes of the nations served and Ruth May Fox, president of the Y. L. M. I. A., and President Heber J. Grant spoke briefly describing the house and Elder George Albert Smith, superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. presided.

Reception and outing at Saltair when more than 1200 M. I. A. workers joined in the "Rally of the Nations" in a luncheon, each group headed by a member of the General Board in costume representing a particular nation.

Grand Finals Contest Dance, Saltair Pavilion, when 18 couples gathered representing the following stakes and missions: Utah, Oquirrh, North Davis, Boxelder, Grant, Nebo, Parowan, Sevier, Benson, Pocatello, Fremont, Boise, Los Angeles, San Luis, Taylor, Carbon, San Francisco, Northwestern States Mission.

George Washington Bi-centennial Celebration, Tabernacle Grounds, when and where a tree, which is a descendant from a tree planted by George Washington on the Potomac, was planted by members of the General Board led by Superintendent George Albert Smith and President Ruth May Fox followed by an address by Hon. John F. Bowman and by mass-flag exercises by Boy Scouts and Bee Hive Girls.

Grand Music Festival, Salt Lake Tabernacle Saturday night, when 2,852 singers from 41 stakes were led in the contest songs and in "An Ode To Youth," an original composition, words by Elsie Talmage Brandley, associate editor of the *Improvement Era*, and music by J. Spencer Cornwall, director of music for the Y. M. M. I. A. The guest conductor was Noble Cain, director of the Chicago A Capella Choir. Mr. Alexander Schreiner acted as accompanist and soloist. (This event was not only a high spot of the conference and convention, but was also one of the high spots in the cultural history of the Church.)

Joint Officers Instruction and Testimony Meeting, Assembly Hall, Sunday morning.

General Session, Great Tabernacle at 11 o'clock Sunday morning under the direction of the Primary Association in which 1,000 children sang, directed by Matilda W. Cahoon, with Edward P. Kimball, accompanist. (This was an unusually fine session timed to the minute.)

Salt Lake Base and Meridian Marker Ceremony held at 4:15 at the Southeast corner of the Temple block where a plaque describing the marker was unveiled, by Lathilla Pratt Kimball, daughter of Orson Pratt, who placed the base meridian, and where a son of Brigham Young and a son of Erastus Snow, respectively, opened and closed with prayer and where President A. W. Ivins, pioneer and trailblazer, spoke. The ceremony was in charge of George Albert Smith, president of Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association.

In the general session held in the Great Tabernacle Sunday afternoon, President A. W. Ivins pronounced the conference and convention to have been like an oasis in a desert to him. President Heber J. Grant declared that the entire program had been an inspiration and that the singing of the children had been especially pleasing.

A more complete report of the conference will be given next month.

Erratum

In the article "Orson Pratt, Pioneer of the Utah Pioneers," published in the Official Souvenir Pamphlet of the Memorial Tablet, marking the Great Salt Lake Base and Meridian, it is stated that on the 21st of July Orson Pratt stood upon the "Northeast" corner of what is now Temple Square. It should be near the "Southeast" corner of Temple Square.

The statement is authorized from what Orson Pratt himself said in a public discourse on August 11, 1867. (Journal of Discourses, vol. xii, pp. 88-9).

Grand Finals Held on Friday, June 10, and Saturday, June 11, 1932

THE grand finals in drama, public speaking, retold story and Vanguard contests in Van ball and archery

(*Continued on page* 552)

THE *Echo Canyon War*

By RUTH MAY FOX

On July 24, 1857, *while President Brigham Young and a large percentage of the Saints were having a celebration in the canyon—now called Brighton—messengers brought word of the approach of an army of the United States. The army did not enter the Valley of the Great Salt Lake until June* 26, 1858. *The emotional tenseness of the situation is to be found in these lines by Ruth May Fox, herself a pioneer.*

LONG years ago the story goes—
Exactly when no mortal knows,
Where sunbeams glint the Wasatch hills
And send the snows in trickling rills
Adown the cliffs to cupping dells,
To dally with the purple bells,
The columbine and dainty flow'rs
Which nature strews in wild-wood-bow'rs,
The fairies met on one fair eve
For consultation. "By your lieve,"
The leader said—"We've gathered here,
Beneath the moonbeams soft and clear,"
And as she spoke she waved her wand,
Before, behind on every hand—
"Lords, princes, pages, fairies, elves;
First, to congratulate ourselves
On this proud realm within these peaks,
Whose tow'ring heights the cloudlet seeks
Where Nature lavish with her charms
Doth hold us in protecting arms,
The while we fill our destiny
And write our page of history.

'Tis ours to give this beaut'ous spot
Still greater charm—forget you not,
That mortals yet shall wander here
Regardless of the fairies' tear;
Aye, there shall come a gladsome band,
Led hither by a master hand,
Who'll praise their God for this retreat,
For breezes pure and odors sweet.
Beyond these vales with mighty strife
Shall thrill the desert into life;—
Cheer! Fairies, cheer! for the great chief,
Who'll set the vales with bloom and sheaf
And sparkling rills." Up sprang the host,
Ten thousand strong, with inward boast
That each would raise the heartiest shout
As whirled their kerchiefs round-about,
Which soft and sheer as thistle-down,
By wand'ring zephyrs thither blown,
Changed, instantly, the spangled green,
Into a swaying lily scene;
And up the rugged cliffs there ran

(*Continued on page* 552)

The Scar

Illustrated by
FIELDING K. SMITH

By Maxa Million

OLD JUDGE HALSOM

IT was all so sudden, so unexpected—the sight of that scarred face in the avalanche of humanity, that for a moment old Judge Halsom felt his knees grow weak and his breath form in short gasps.

As quickly as the face appeared it vanished and the old man felt himself being swept relentlessly on toward the Tabernacle. Five thousand people hemmed him in, billowed and surged about him. Their voices beat upon consciousness like the slap of waves on jagged rock.

Once he caught a whisper near him. "See,—that man in gray. Judge Halsom of Pittsburg—one of the richest men in the country. Railroads is his middle name."

"Oh," understanding crept into the other voice, "Used to be a 'Mormon.' I've heard about him. Visiting some big gun in Salt Lake now. Wonder what he'll think of our Pageant."

AT the east door a stripling of an usher took his ticket which his friend, the Salt Lake judge, had so kindly procured for him and escorted him to his seat.

He sat down heavily and passed a fine linen handkerchief over his brow. He was still trembling from the shock. The sight of that face had unnerved him as nothing else had done for years.

He was aghast now at his first impression when he had seen the face—a mad desire to vocalize the name, cry out across the turbulent sea of people, "Fred! Fred Montague, stop! Wait for me! It's Joe Halsom." But the old hatred and scorn had welled up just in time. The acid of bitterness etches deeply in fifty years.

The old man looked about him. The spectacle was movingly familiar. Every opening, like a lifted head-gate, let in a rushing stream of humanity. Had he not been shaken to his very core the scene would have appealed to him with almost as much freshness as on that other occasion when he had first visited this historic building.

He closed his eyes to shut out the confusion and the past came upon him in heart-stirring glimpses.

It was the pioneer urchin, Fred Montague, who called to him over a stretch of sixty years.

"Joe, you ain't mad any more, are you?"

JOE, from his position on the top of a pole fence, turned from the stone bruise he had been regarding on the sole of his calloused foot and gave his companion a look of withering scorn.

"Honest, Joe, you ain't no right actin' like this. You throwed just as many rocks as I did on old Pete's porch, and just because he caught me and made me tell who was with me ain't no reason for you to quit speakin' to me for two hull weeks."

Joe turned his back on the speaker and began to whistle. Through the corner of his eye he saw that Fred's freckled face was pitiful.

There was silence for a moment and then Fred squared his shoulders.

"I've a darned good notion not to tell you the biggest piece of news you've ever heard in all your life. Why, if you guessed steady for a hundred years you couldn't guess what's happenin' over at our house."

"Your ma's havin' a baby," he said disdainfully.

"Nothin' the sort. Pa sent me over to see if I could sleep with you cause President Brigham Young is a goin' to stay there."

He waited for that piece of news to sink in and then continued, "But that ain't half. There's a hull band of Injun chiefs there, too!"

Joe edged a little closer to this harbinger of glad tidings. "Aw, go on, I don't believe you."

"It's the truth. You can see the wick-i-up they've pitched in our back yard from the road over there."

"Well, what they doin' there?" Already Joe was moving toward the road.

"President Young and pa and Apostle Rich brought 'em."

"Say, why can't you get in and tell a feller all about it. Want me to bust?"

"Well, you know about old Black Hawk, don't you?"

"Course I do. He's been threatenin' to kill the Saints up around Laketown."

"Somebody sent word to President Young so he and Dimick Huntington, the man who knows how to talk Injun, came this morning, and took pa and the apostle with 'em and they went up and

(*Continued on page 569*)

The Love Blossom

By LAURA REID MONTGOMERY

Illustrated by HARRIS WEBERG

LANCE smiled, recalling the words of Yin-Ying: "When the honorable one bestows the flower named the Spell-Binder upon a woman then is love born in the hearts of both and that love remains until he goes to the Yellow Springs called death. There, oh, gracious one, he dreams through the years until she joins him."

He had met a girl in Kiangsu, China, when he was painting Yin-Ying, the witch-like old woman who lived by gathering and selling the Spell-Binder, a delicate creeping plant whose leaves resemble the frail fronds of the maidenhair fern. The tiny flowers of pink and blue and violet were lovely but it was the rare white ones that pleased him most. Now, sitting thinking of that day in China he seemed to smell the maddeningly-sweet perfume that had come to him when the American girl had crushed the white flowers in her hand. A certain something had been born to them in that instant as they listened to the gravely-spoken prophecy as Yin-Ying watched them. The remembered perfume brought back the enchanted moment in China although he was now in Japan.

HE had been able to do her a small service when the tourists were leaving the glass boat and he had been sure that she, too, had felt the glamor of the romantic island. For, when a brisk, masculine voice had hailed her and demanded to know the reason for her delay she had lingered. Again the man called her and begged her to hurry, and she had opened her hand, smiled and then, staring straightly into his eyes, lifted the crushed sweet flowers to her lips and vanished.

"Her name was Anne. Likely I'll never see her again but I shall never forget her eyes. If I were a poet instead of an artist I'd rave of violets with the dew lingering. Anyway, Anne will be surprised when she finds her pretty little face laughing out from some of my pictures. Today she's a Japanese girl playing a flute."

On his easel was a picture of

two boys and a girl, each with curved Japanese flutes. Lance had made a study of prints done by Torii Kiyonaga who died in 1815 and who was a genius in depicting scenes from everyday life. Lance's handling of the beach below the Shinto temple (a miya) was excellent. The shadows cast by the tall cryptomeria tree with its pine-like foliage softened the brilliant turquoise tints of the girl's satin while the translucent enamels of her lifted flute gathered and held lovingly the rose of the sunset falling between the branches.

Above the sands at the right of the entrance to the miya a sitting fox grinned in stone and above him a huge dark bird hovered menacingly with downbent talons.

"To Kwannon I make my prayer," drifted from the temple.

LANCE seized his brush. The words were soft to the point of indistinctness but they recalled him to his work and to Japan. No use longing for Anne. He didn't even know her last name but his quick glance at her left hand had confirmed his hope that she was free.

A clap of thunder aroused him to two unpleasant facts: his boat was floating away on the jade waves that now replaced the glassy sapphire of the waters and the approaching storm was upon him. Pelting rain fell as he snatched up his canvas and ran.

Nearing the smiling stone fox the ground stirred beneath his feet. "The great fish is stirring, he is tired of holding the universe," reflected Lance, who had lately read the Japanese myth of the accommodating vassal of the sea.

Another tremor, however, dissipated his amusement and he wondered if the temple would be his tomb should an earthquake arrive.

Tiny glass wind bells tinkled in the gale that roared about him and he raced for the temple, not forgetting to remove his low shoes before treading the sacred ground. As he kicked them off he heard the clink of coin as some faithful one accompanied his prayer by commercial means and then a damp ball of chewed paper struck his outraged cheek.

"Disgusting, I call it. To think of chewing a prayer," he reflected.

"Ooh, ooh," came a threadlike tone pitched on a note of apology.

THROUGH the gloom minced a small figure in bare feet that gleamed below the wide trousers of jade and silver. Jewels twinkled in her piled-up hair and laughing eyes peered up at him from dusky lashes. From her waist hung a samisen, a three-stringed instrument and just behind her brooded the great statue of the myriad-handed Quannon—Goddess of Mercy. "Osura?" she breathed.

His resentment at being the recipient of her paper-prayer hurled with the usual feminine lack of accuracy faded. He wished now that he'd skimped his sketching long enough to memorize a phrase

Is there such a thing as a "Love Blossom" with powers which bind hearts? Lance would probably—but then the story is short. See what he says.

of Japanese. Even in the dimness he admired her and felt the beauty of her facial color scheme and he longed to put her on canvas. Her painted eyebrows were etched admirably and her round cheeks were twin roses. Memories stirred again—a certain fragrance . .

The wind toppled over a small statue and Lance, while longing to pose as a hero, fell at the girl's feet, badly bruised.

When he opened his eyes she was holding a cup to his lips. The sake revived him somewhat and he motioned to her to drink from the second flask for she was pallid beneath her paint. She hesitated whereupon he feebly insisted and with an odd air of recklessness she poured from the second flask which was attached by the symbolical butterflies and drank.

A Japanese entered and frowned, pointing to the table from which she had snatched the twin flasks.

"Tell him I'll pay for the wine," cried Lance, hoping she might comprehend, "he isn't your husband, is he?" He had enjoyed the soft clasp of her tiny left hand as she supported his head but now he disliked the look in the round black eyes slanting down at him

(Continued on page 551)

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF *Camping*

By ELVA MOSS WESSEL

Go camping in imagination before you go camping to the canyon. A trip like this may make your outing more valuable.

WHY do you enjoy going to camp?" I asked a small boy of nine years. "Because we have a lot o' fun," he replied.

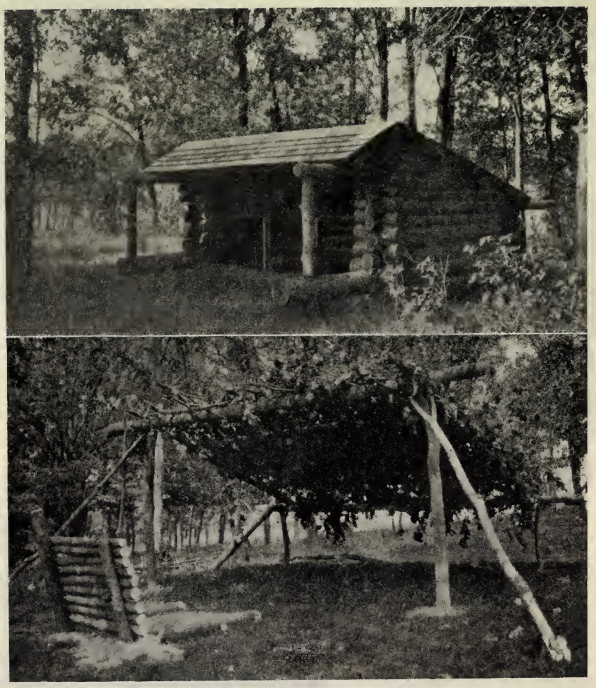
Fun and adventure seem to be the main reasons for more than a million boys and girls going to camp each summer.

To make camp life profitable for this group there is need for an effective organization, with competent leadership, under whose direction systematic planning of programs will bring new adventure, colorful romance and happy recreation to the boys and girls from the first day in camp to the last good-bye.

The program should develop spontaneity and freedom among the campers, should be broad and inclusive enough to satisfy individual interests. Usually the camp environment is sufficiently rich and stimulating to enlist the interest of every normal boy and girl.

WHILE many directors glory in displaying the elaborateness of the camp plant and buildings, it is to be remembered that camps are not built around things. They are built about personalities. Equipment is essential only as it makes possible a larger and better program. To the camper it is the program that makes the camp, and he interprets activities in terms of fun and adventure. Camp activities however are not an end in themselves. Their real importance is to provide opportunity for achievement, to develop self-expression, self-reliance, resourcefulness, and to stimulate creative ability.

An interesting program to meet the above needs may be classed in three divisions.



Above: Adirondack Sleeping Shelter
Below: Lean-to With Reflector Fire

First, the regular routine—the first call to arise in the morning, the optional dip, shower, or just a refreshing splash of cold water on face and hands, into airy camp togs and ready for the day's fun. Flag raising is followed by breakfast, camp improvement, inspection, morning sing, handcraft or hiking, free time for letter writing and reading, then the noon meal. For one hour or more the camp settles down for rest period. The afternoon activities consist of nature lore, games, swimming or riding. Supper with its songs and

Corduroy Steps

Caveman Golf Equipment

surprises followed by the evening's fun is the time when campers enjoy comradeship.

SOME regular program must be carried on every day, but occasionally the morning, afternoon, or else the entire day is used to advantage without scheduled activities when the campers have projects which interest them. This second division is often referred to as the "Do as you wish" or "Free Time" period. This too, is very important, since it provides time for personal interests. A small number of campers may request tours to points of interest; such as the new nature trail, Jenny wren's nest, the home of the woodchuck, the spring; along the way specimens are gathered for the nature exhibit. Perhaps a small group is interested in an early morning bird identification trip. Get up early and creep out so as not to awaken the other campers. Keep your eyes and ears open. Take a pencil, a note book, and if possible field glasses along. Now you are all ready for one of the most fascinating adventures in the woods. Move slowly and quietly along the path, when you see a bird "Stop." With the aid of field glasses observe its colorings on breast, head, wings, and tail. How large is it? Compare its size with other birds more familiar to you. In case there is some doubt as to its identity make some notes and refer to your bird guide later. Listen to the chorus of music in the tree tops, try to distinguish the different birds by their song. This group will be delighted with the many discoveries which can be made in the early morning hours.

The resourceful leader can stimulate creative expression by visualizing the camp needs and beginning a project without much pretension; soon a number of campers will lend a hand and be proud of the accomplishment when the job is finished. Often the campers desire some improvement about the camp and welcome the opportunity to build a project which will bring utility and beautify the camp as well. Perhaps you will find joy in the following projects and your camp be greatly benefited by the results. Construct a rustic gateway suspending a sign to greet the newcomers. Make willow baskets in which to plant ferns or other native plants and hang them in the recreation or dining hall. Make seats of stone or logs around the camp fire circle a safe distance back from the fire or build the circle where tree stumps serve as seats. A well built fire pit will keep the ashes from scattering over the circle. Arrow shaped signs of wood with the letters burned with a sun glass or pyrography needle give a rustic touch to the nature trail and aid the new camper in getting acquainted with his surroundings. Cut and build paths through the woods or blaze new hiking trails leading to an interesting look-out.

A CAVE man golf course using improvised equipment adds new life to the camp. Lay out the general course preferably along winding trails, include natural hazards, trees, a stream or stump. Then bury number ten tin cans in the ground at the distance apart desirable for the nine hole course. Use croquet balls in place of the regular ones and stout tree branches of considerable size as golf sticks, a natural curve or knot at the end makes a splendid putter. The putting space is cleared a bit and the boundary marked off with stout saplings placed on the ground.

An out-door cooking oven will add flavor to the food and less difficulty in the craft of outdoor cookery. Boys will especially be interested in building an adirondack sleeping shelter, a lean-to or Indian tepee in the woods. A place a short distance from camp may be chosen to make a shady retreat or reading nook. A rustic seat or bench will add to its usefulness. A camper who is handy with tools may build shelves for exhibits or a table and benches under the trees where visiting parents and friends can eat their lunch. Trails about camp can always be improved by making corduroy steps, cutting out over hanging branches, removing stones, bridging wet spots, filling in depressions and marking trail inter-sections.

In one camp a group made a cedar bark wigwam, at the same time another group built a rustic roof to furnish shade for the rifle range and still another group collected tin cans and converted them into kettles and camp dishes for the next overnight hike.

These projects grow out of camp needs or life situations in the camp group. This outgrowth of interests should be encouraged and funds kept available for developing them.

THERE'S also the third division, the seasonal "High Spot," unusual happening or special feature which has its place and makes camp life more interesting and adventurous. One camp makes this report: "We have tried this plan for several years with the most satisfactory results. Every week of the summer has a name 'Covered Wagon Week' 'Indian Week,' 'Patriots Week,' 'Fiesta Week,' 'Circus Week,' 'Forty-niners Week,' 'Pioneer Week,' and so on. Each

(*Continued on page* 571)

A Prayer For This Camp

By JOHN T. CAINE, I
"Pa Caine"

OUR Father:

We thank Thee for all the wonders of Thy creations—for this rugged canyon with its mountains, rocks and hills, its cliffs and precipices, its soil teeming with all the riches of plant life; for trees and shrubs, vines and flowers, for dainty moss and rugged pines, for trembling aspen, graceful birch and gorgeous maple; for sparkling streams and busy waterfalls, for invigorating air and warming sun; for solitude and seclusion, and above all for the suggestion of Thy great design manifest in the many beauties everywhere present; and for the spirit of awe which the immensity of rocks and ravines inspires within us.

We pray, that Thou wilt bless this Camp that in every way it may fulfil its purpose, a place of quiet, rest and recreation for tired bodies or wounded spirits. May the feelings inspired by these scenes be a rebuke to all unworthy thoughts or acts; and may purity, beauty, and joy inspire all to better lives, to a nobler estimate of our fellowmen, and to a broader understanding of Thy great purpose and a profounder respect for Thee—our Father and our God. Amen.

Note: This is the girls' camp in Logan Canyon, but the prayer might well have been said for all our camps.

This Bear Business

By E. W. TAYLOR

Jerry was a big grizzly bear whose habitat was West Yellowstone and whose middle name was mischief. Stringham liked bears in general and Jerry in particular—and that was the root of his trouble.

Drawing by HARRIS WEBERG

THERE are just two real ways to make a fool of yourself: try something about which you know nothing, and be too soft-hearted—an abnormal aesthetic. I was both soft-hearted and lacking in experience—a bad combination when it comes to trapping grizzly bears alive which was not what I was ordered to do at all. I just did—or tried to.

Bears have an uncanny sense of knowing when they are unwelcome; and an even more acute sense of knowing when it is time to clear out after committing a nuisance that brooks no forgiveness. At least old Jerry did. He must have been in touch with a private detective agency. And as to his nuisances—there was no question there. He wasn't what you might call dangerous, although one or two tourists at the auto camps complained of broken arms and nipped fingers. But that could hardly be blamed onto Jerry, but rather to the carelessness of vainglorious campers who took particular delight in being photographed with a real live bear eating delicacies from the tips of brave fingers. But some of Jerry's performances were upon a larger order.

One of Jerry's worst habits was

ripping off doors of cabins and taking up what you might call light housekeeping within, especially if there happened to be anything edible stored upon the shelves.

SUCCEEDING seasons owners were a little more particular in nailing up their houses and cabins. But it did little good. Jerry developed into what I might call an expert in crime.

"I hate to do it," commented the Supervisor sorrowfully, "But I guess we'll have to give him the gun. He's destroyed enough property last winter to ruin a dozen parks."

But then Jerry disappeared, almost as if he had been warned. And I am sure that no one had tipped him off. No Al Capone could have been better protected.

"Oh, he'll come back," laughed an old timer from the Border country. "Trust old Jerry to be at the garbage dumps just as soon as the tourists start to flow. He knows to a day when the hotel opens up."

But Jerry didn't come.

Such notoriety as Jerry couldn't hide from public eye forever. That is where I enter the story. I spend most of my time around West Yellowstone and north to Galliton wrangling dudes and what ever I can find that is profitable. The dude season was rather poor and I was having difficulties in making enough to last me through the winter, which is what most of us old timers hereabouts try to do.

Jerry was out of the Park, rather a tactical error you might say. But was it? He must have known that he was a nomad from now on. And the Park is not big enough to hide out in for long. I guess that to an unwanted grizzly bear who had to get along in the world it was the outside or bust.

I was down to the train to meet a fellow from California who came up to get some fishing and wild and woolly life for a couple of weeks when I met up with old Jess Turner, cow man and sheep-driver.

"Yore just the feller I'm lookin' for," he roared in one of those old fashioned voices that can be heard a mile or so.

"Pull in yore train whistle," I advised him. "I can hear you easy with both ears full of cotton."

"Yore just the feller I'm lookin' for. How busy are yuh? Could yuh do a little job fer me?"

"Depends," I warned him. "I'm not bootlegging or sheep-stealing. What's your proposition?"

"There's one of them bars thet got loose from the Park. I want yuh tuh get him 'fore he gits all my sheep."

My suspicion was raised right quick about that bear.

"What bear is it? Can't be old Jerry—can it? Could it really be old Jerry?"

"Don't know his name," admitted Jess. "There's a fair sized crowd of dudes today. I can remember when they used tuh make the trip by wagons."

"I'll bet it's old Jerry," I remarked. "No; can't do it. I wouldn't kill old Jerry for all the money in the world."

"Are yuh crazy? Why, that bar is doing more damage tuh my sheep than all the snow storms in the world. Yore a great hand fer gettin' next tuh bars and such. There ain't a man thet I would rather see get that darn varmint than yuh, Stringham."

"Yes; you old cave man; I have been taking pictures of wild animals and things. I have done a little trapping. I used to work in the Park. But darn it all, I couldn't kill Jerry. He's just like a good friend. It would be like some one asking me to kill you for some money."

"Yuh soft hearted old woman. I'll get some one else tuh kill the varmint." Jess was plainly indignant and somewhat amazed that any one capable of killing the varmint should refuse, especially when he needed the money.

"Come on, now," I urged. "The old grizzly will run on back to the Park in a little while. Give him a break."

"And in the mean time he'll be breakin' me. No; Stringham, I gotta get that bar quick. He killed off about ten sheep this week. I tried tuh get him myself, but he was too smart fer me. And that is why I come tuh you. What do yuh say?"

An idea sailed into my head just like that by way of some Indians who were putting on a dance in front of the curio store. The Indians reminded me of a fellow who had a pet bear that did tricks and attracted people to his store. And the pet bear called to my attention a fellow who used to live down there on Chalk Creek, Utah, that made a business out of trapping bears alive and sending them to zoos. The only element lacking to my idea was the necessary knowledge as to how bears were trapped alive.

"I guess that you win," I said surrendering to his arguments. "But I am going to take that bear alive."

"Go to it, old timer," beamed Jess, somehow relieved. But I

(*Continued on page* 568)

Rock Garden Contest

Making a Rock Garden this summer? Then you'll find some helpful hints in these prize-winning essays on "How I Made My Rock Garden." These were sent in in answer to the announcement made in the February number of the Improvement Era. Our judges decided to give in addition to the prizes which have gone forward to the winners, honorable mention to the following people for their fine articles which space will not permit us to print: L. M. Winon, Logan; G. C. Crittenden, Ogden; and Mrs. Nellie B. Smidt, Salt Lake City.

How We Built a Rock Garden and What We Planted

FIRST PRIZE

Randall Barker, Eagle Scout, who did the hard labor.

OUR rock garden obscures the east end of a chicken-run and occupies a space about ten feet wide and eight feet deep.

We removed the top soil to a depth of over two feet and put it aside for filling in around the rocks. We removed another eighteen inches to make room for our drainage base. Near the south end we dug a hole four feet deep and two feet across which we walled up with broken bricks and covered with a piece of heavy wire mesh. Over all we placed a twelve inch layer of rubble, cobblestones, broken bits of cement and tiling, and over that four inches of cinders.

With long, angular rocks of vari-colored pebbled conglomerate which the boys brought from the foothills we built up a slope from ground level on the south and east to between three and four feet on the west and north,—against the chicken run and our boundary fence, respectively,—filling in with topsoil as we did so. This gave us the advocated "sunny side sloping to the southeast."

We tilted the outside rocks slightly downward and inward to allow moisture to drain into the soil. Each rock was buried one-third of its length. We arranged them to appear as much like a natural outcropping as possible.

We let it settle for a week, soaking it thoroughly several times and adding more soil when necessary. Along the west and north we planted scarlet runner beans. Until the rock plants grew large enough to be effective, we used fillers of annuals: sweet alyssum, phlox, pansies, California poppies, etc.

Our perennials are: rock cress, thrift, bougainvillea, English daisy, harebell, golden moss, ribbon grass, forget-me-not, dwarf clove-pinks, Rocky Mountain Columbine, Japanese bellflowers, hardy primroses, wallflower, summer snow, baby's breath, coral bells, rockspirea, ice plant, dew plant, wandering Jew, native ferns and lichen, wild pansies, buttercups, ivy, old man, lady's slipper, violets and several others.

Mrs. A. M. Barker,
3245 Kiesel Ave., Ogden, Utah.

How I Made My Rock Garden

SECOND PRIZE

THE most pleasure I have ever had in out of door life was that of making a rock garden and bringing into cultivation the flowers of the mountains. I built it along the drive-way west of my home on a very irregular line from three feet wide at the lower end to about nine feet at the upper. The height varies from one to three and one-half feet. I built it of soft rocks of many sizes and colors of crystallite formations, fossils and cavities. Between these I put rich soil and leaf mold from under oak brush and added more rock, leaving spaces of numerous shapes and sizes.

Mine was to be a wild flower rock garden, so from mountains and canyons on cloudy, rainy days I gathered many varieties, among them were Geraniums-Richardsonii and Fremontei. Penstemons-Leonardi brerifolius, evening primrose, onagra hookeii, lavauxia primiveris, cangustefolium, scarlet gilia, aggregata, Jacob's ladder, occidentale, delphinium scaposum, yarrow, dogbane, Solomon's seal, violets, Sun-

flowers, and asters. I studied the habitat of each and placed it in its new home as near to that of its mountain home as possible. I made a collection of about sixty varieties and will add many more.

From early spring, when dog-tooth violets awaken, until late autumn when goldenrod and asters sway in the breeze my garden is a spot of beauty. Friends who laughed at my garden when I was building it are now contributing with many new rocks, flowers, and shells which they have gathered from far and near.

I appreciate my association with Dr. J. H. Paul, Roy Passey, Prof. Orin Biddulph, and our M. I. A. Summer Home at Mutual Dell for creating within me a desire to know and appreciate our lovely mountain flowers that I now have at my door from which I receive daily inspiration and joy.

Mrs. Ora Holman Chipman.
American Fork, Utah.

My Rock Garden

THIRD PRIZE

WHAT will emphasize the lovely, dainty forms and delicate coloring of your flowers more than a background of interesting stone?

My garden has had twice the charm since I gave to it stability by backing it with a wall delicately hung with the purple blossoms and red and green berries of the Chinese matrimony vine, myrtle, and ivy. The lower terraces are filled with snowy white rock cress, basket of gold, flax with its varied shades of purple, ribbon grass and tiny iris. Old English wall flowers and hardy asters seem proud to have so firm a backing.

I was fortunate in having an abrupt rise in my grounds. I first cleared the soil back to where I wanted my first row of stones.

Lily Pond

The I placed them firmly in an irregular line. When this tiny terrace was filled with soil I placed the next row of stones and continued in this manner until my wall was some three feet high. In the terraces I arranged my flowers, planting those which require the most water on the lower levels.

By far the most fascinating part of the rock addition is the lily pond. Constructed of rock, held together with cement, it is two feet deep, irregular in shape, with little pockets of soil here and there that hold water hyacinths, water poppies, cat tails, Japanese arrow head, umbrella plant and various kinds of aquarium moss. Most lovely of all is the water lily that is planted in a tub and sunk in the center of the pond. When supplied with a few gold fish and snails you will find in a pond as much interest as in your choicest flowers.

What could be more beautiful than this dainty mirror, broken only by flower-petal ships.

John E. Lach,
676 Downington Ave.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

How I Made My Rock Garden

HONORABLE MENTION

We print this article on account of its spirit even though it does not tell how to build a garden.

WITH a great deal of enthusiasm, and, incidentally, very little experience, I set out in high spirits in a new venture, the building of a rock garden.

I began by studying seed catalogs and landscape magazines most religiously. My garden was first planned on paper, every detail. I preferred erasing to transplanting. I wrote for all the "free advice" obtainable and talked to all the professional gardeners who would grant me audience. I visited many gardens, interesting, and otherwise. My rock garden, however, was to be merely an interesting "nook" in the outdoor living room; my chief aim in planting lawns, flowers, and shrubs being to give to the home the appropriate setting. I realized that the background of the rock garden must fit into the entire home grounds picture and likewise be a natural part of the vicinity into which it was to develop.

The rocks, I brought from nearby lava beds,—rather beautiful specimens, I thought. Transporting them was indeed an undertaking! I well remember with what apparent disgust I was greeted upon my arrival home one particular afternoon with a truck load of rocks.

I found difficulty in determining the correct setting for my rock garden, consequently the rocks and piles of dirt were moved many times. My rocks, it seemed, simply refused to inherit the dignity and austerity of their ancestors! At the base of a large tree which overhung a natural elevation, my rock garden finally began to grow. I foraged the hills, mountains, and river-beds, gathering plants, rocks, moss, and dwarf shrubs. No afternoon drive was quite successful unless I managed by persuasion, or strategy to bring home a new rock for the garden. I felt, in fact, that each day I must "get a little boulder."

Frankly, I shall admit that all my activities in rock gardening were "trial and error" methods, but my garden proved to be a truly enjoyable, as well as fairly successful, venture. Indeed, I discovered that it isn't achievements in gardening that bring satisfaction, it is the glorious anticipation! My garden was a retreat; I reveled in its lovely secrets; here I found leisure to ponder some of the mysteries of growth. I found joy complete in having created a thing so rife in its own personality!

Vernesea M. Nagle,
Parker, Idaho.

The Star Spangled Banner

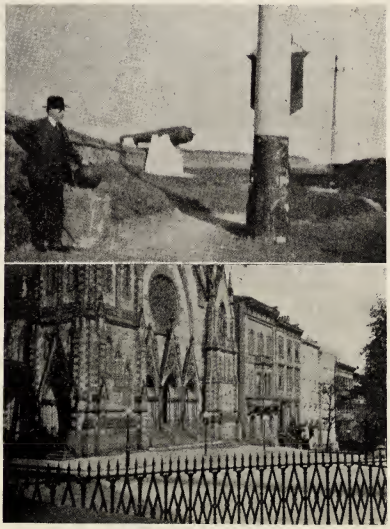
By BERTHA L. STEVENSON

"Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?"

ON March 4, 1931, "The Star Spangled Banner," by an act of Congress, became the official national anthem of the United States. Marylanders in Congress, in recognition of the song's having been written in Baltimore Harbor, had sought the legislation for years.

There were those in Congress who claimed the high notes were too high, and those who said the low notes were too low, and still others who said that for most American voices it was "unsingable." Two sopranos and a band were brought before a committee to show that the anthem could be sung. Old attendants at the Capitol said the hearing was unique and unusual. Following this demonstration, the house and senate approved it as the national anthem, and the president affixed his signature.

Even as all literature of an historical nature is made more interesting if the incidents connected with the writing are known; so, much of our early American poetry is made more clear and inspiring to us if we know the story settings which are back of it.



Above: Cannon ball thrown into Fort McHenry, by the British during the night of Sept. 12, 1814. Below: Church in Baltimore marking the birthplace of Francis Scott Key.

JUST as an individual has within him a love of some spot or place or circumstance that marks for him a vital time of his life, and just as the heart turns fondly to that place or circumstance, so we, as a nation, have a love and reverence for those places and occasions that have marked an epoch in the history of our beloved country.

There are many places of interest to the student of American history, and not least among them that one where our great patriotic song, "The Star Spangled Banner," was written. On the banks of Chesapeake Bay, where it forms a fine harbor, and about twenty minutes ride by electric car from the city of Baltimore, stands historic old Fort McHenry. It was from this fort that the flag was flying when Francis Scott Key was inspired to write his memorable lines.

Key was a native of Georgetown, which practically means Washington. A lawyer by profession, he was born in Baltimore, but had later moved to Georgetown. A church now stands on the spot where he was born, and a tablet commemorates the event.

IN September, 1814, America was at war with England. Dr. Beanes, a friend of Mr. Key's, had been made prisoner, and was aboard a vessel of the British fleet, then in Chesapeake Bay. It was the intention of the Commander of the Fleet to take Fort McHenry, and quarter the British troops in the city of Baltimore for the winter. Mr. Key was solicited to seek to have his friend released, and consented to do so. After obtaining permission from the Government, orders were immediately issued to get the vessel used as a cartel in communications with the fleet in the bay, to make ready. The vessel was "The Minden."

"Mr. John S. Skinner, who was agent for the Government for flags of truce and exchange of prisoners, and who was well known as such to the officers of the fleet, was directed to accompany Mr. Key."

They met the fleet at the mouth of the Potomac, preparing for the expedition against Baltimore. They were courteously received, and Dr. Beanes was released. But Mr. Key was at the time informed that neither he, nor anyone else would be permitted to leave the fleet for some days, and must be detained until the attack on Baltimore, which was then about to be made, was over.

They were transferred from the Admiral's ship to the "Surprise," commanded by Admiral Cockrane's son, and there remained until preparations were made for the landing of troops to attack by land. Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were then sent on board their own vessel with a guard of sailors and marines to prevent their landing, and were anchored in a position to see the flag of Fort McHenry.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1814, the fort was attacked, and Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner witnessed the bombardment from their vessel, watching, all through the night, every shell until it fell, listening with breathless interest to see if an explosion followed.

Suddenly the bombardment ceased, and they did not know whether the fort had surrendered, or the attack had been abandoned. "They paced the deck, for the residue of the night, in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day, and looking every few minutes at their watches to see how long they must wait for it. As soon as it had dawned, and before it was light enough to see objects at a distance, their glasses were turned on the fort, uncertain whether they should see the Stars and Stripes or the flag of the enemy. At length the light came, and they saw 'That our flag was still there.'"

Under the excitement of the time, Francis Key had sketched a song. It was commenced on the deck of the vessel as he saw the enemy ship retreating—some brief lines or notes on the back of a letter which he happened to have in his pocket. These he used as he proceeded, with the song, to call the events to mind. For other lines he relied entirely upon his memory. He finished it on his way home in the boat, and wrote it out as it now stands, at the hotel the night he reached Baltimore.

The next morning Mr. Key took his poem to Judge Nickolson (a brother-in-law), knowing him to be a man of cultivated and musical tastes, and asked his opinion of it. The judge was so much pleased with it that he immediately sent it to a printer, and directed copies to be struck off in handbill form. It was immediately received favorably by the public.

THE first publication of the song was in the "Baltimore Patriot," September 20, 1814. Until recently it was believed to have been first in the "Baltimore American," September 21, 1814. It did not appear under title of "The Star Spangled Banner," but was headed "Defence of Fort McHenry," with a short account of the circumstances under which it was written, and then the poem. It was not until some time later that it was called by the title by which it is now known. Before very long it had been copied by papers as far south as Atlanta, and in all the larger northern cities.

There are differences of opinion as to when it was first sung, and by whom, also as to whether Mr. Key intended it to be sung by the tune we know, or whether someone else saw that the rhythm was the same and associated it with the music. However, as a copy of the "Baltimore Patriot" shows, it stated the tune at the head of the poem.

The air is one which is supposed to have been very popular at that time. It is one adopted by a club in England, and written by John Stafford Smith, a musician of that day. It is supposed to have been written for a voice of very wide range, and was the official song of the club. At any rate, the tune was familiar to everyone, and with its peculiar rhythm it exactly fits Mr. Key's words, and it is possible that he intended it to be used with them.

The air is "Anacreon in Heaven." "Anacreon" is a poem in praise of love and wine, or love and joy, after the meter of the Greek poet Anacreon. Transplanted on American soil, this air, once popular as an English drinking song, has thrived with the "Star Spangled Banner," and the other song has been forgotten.

Most authorities agree that Mr. Ferdinand Durang, an actor-soldier, was the first to sing it, and that it was sung in front of the Holiday Street Theatre in Baltimore.

A COMPANY of soldiers had congregated in front of the theatre, and the tavern next door to it, when Captain Edes came along, and calling the group to order told them to listen to a patriotic song which had just been struck off the press. He read the words, and someone suggested that it be sung. Durang was called for, and mounting on an old fashioned rush-bottomed chair, sang for the first time in public, in our Union, this song, the chorus being echoed by the crowd.

The song began to be known as the "Star Spangled Banner," and we find it advertised as such January 6, 1815, probably the first music sheets printed.

A Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, is supposed to have the original, but as the poem was drafted several times, first on the letter and then again when Mr. Key was on the boat, the one in possession of Mr. Walters must be the first clean copy of the original manuscript. He bought it from a granddaughter of Mr. Key. Mr. Key wrote it out several times for friends, and those copies are still preserved.

MANY people have thought to improve the song, and changes have been made, but these changes have not been considered good, and so have not stood. They take away the writer's spirit and change the thought, and we wish it to remain as it was written. It has been altered by different people in different ways, but these alterations actually change the meaning in some instances. For example "Half conceals, half discloses," changed to "Now conceals, now discloses," and we have taken away that fine image of the flag floating in the breeze at dawn.

One Briton has added this fine stanza:

"But hushed be the strain they our foes are no longer,
To Britain the right hand of friendship extends,
And Albion's fair Isle we behold with affection,
The land of our Fathers—the land of our Friends.
Long, long may we flourish Columbia and Britain
In amity still may your children be found,
And the Star Spangled Banner and Red Cross together
Wave free and triumphant the wide world around."

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER" has been slow to grow in popularity. Opinions differ as to its merits. Some look upon the lines as inspired; some regard it as purely a military or flag song. Some criticise the tune; but it will remain with the American people.

It became popular during the Civil War, and again during the war with Spain, but during the World War it came to mean more than ever before. In the past its meaning had been to the American alone; today it stands for right and justice toward all nations.

Years ago Army and Navy regulations designated the "Star Spangled Banner" as the official anthem, and officers and men stand at attention while it is being rendered.

Today millions bow the head as they rise to the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," and millions of hearts send up a prayer to the Maker for the protection of those who are striving to see "that our flag is still there."

Illustrated By
F. K. Smith

Red or white—God never made a finer man than Nattancy-yazzy.

Navajo *and* Pioneer *Friends*

By
Joseph B. Harris

Many lasting friendships between white men and Indians were formed during Utah's pioneer period. In this story the reader may catch a glimpse of a most beautiful one.

A FEW years ago a group of citizens of two neighboring states were observing the formalities of an introduction when I noticed an ordinary Navajo Indian approaching. Presently a man—Kumen Jones—left the crowd and walked out a few yards until the two met. Like long lost brothers they threw their arms around each other and tears streamed down their cheeks as they hugged each other.

That little picture, which I am not adequately able to describe, made a lasting impression upon me. The one, a

man grown venerable with the experience of many years of the finest type of service—scout, pioneer, rancher, bishop, patriarch—whose simple dignity and lofty idealism mark him as a man among men; the other tall, lithe, manly, self-respecting, with a kindly smile and a penetrating eye, evidently highly respected among his own people.

HE was clad in the garb of his tribe, and had other distinguishing characteristics also. Out there in the solitude of the desert where these two lives had run together in the days of their youth, that salutation—that embrace—of these gray-haired veterans of two different races marked an epoch in my life, for I felt that I had witnessed something apart, something sacred; that I had stumbled on to a kind of holy ground.

Filled with curiosity at a sight which seemed so strange, I asked for an explanation from Kumen Jones.

With eyes glistening and lips quivering he replied: "Brother Joseph—red or white—God never made a finer man than that. That is Nattancy-yazzy."

Then from Kumen Jones I had the following story:

"In company with two other scouts, an interpreter and guide, we left Moencopy, which is about two miles south of what is now Tuba City, Arizona, May 10, 1879. Leaving civilization behind we took a northeasterly trail across the Navajo Reservation, heading for the San Juan River. Our main company of scouts were left at Moencopy."

GEOGRAPHICALLY the country was low table land cut through with deep, rugged canyons. It was wild and remote, and so far as civilization was concerned it was desolate and empty.

May of 1879, nearly fifty-four years ago, when President Brigham Young was aiming to plant a colony on the San Juan River as a protection to the out-lying settlements of south-eastern Utah against the hostile Navajo Indians, was a long while ago.

Many white men had lost their lives in the immediate neighborhood because of Indian antagonism and hostility. To travel under any circumstances was a risk, but for a lad of twenty years, alone and a stranger to every inch of the country would make it doubly hazardous.

VISUALIZE if you will the weary miles of sand and cactus and nothing living but an occasional coyote or a bird of prey to break the monotony, and, behind every hill, the possibility of—hostile Indians.

"The second night out, "Mr. Jones continues, "I received my first lesson in the Navajo language.

"We camped near a Navajo hogan, and after supper three little girls, ranging from four to nine years of age came into camp. The cook gave each of the children a piece of flap-jack with a slice of bacon on it. They each ate their bread but still held the bacon, and when they noticed us talking about their not eating the bacon, the eldest one held the meat up and gave a grunt like a pig.

"We wondered if they had brought that tradition down from their forefathers (the Hebrews), from another continent."

"From our guide we learned how to speak the names of different items about the camp. It was apparently something new for the little Navajo girls to have the honor of being teachers to the white strangers. They were reluctant to leave our camp.

"When the parents came after the children and noted the situation, they entered into the spirit of it, too. Out of this insignificant incident I received a lesson that has been of service to me in my experiences with all kinds of Indians. Take notice of and be kind to the children and parents will generally fall into line.

WE pursued our journey until we came in sight of the San Juan River, about ten miles distant, when it was decided that I should return the distance of one hundred fifty miles to Moencopy and start the company with the wagons on the trail.

"That day I made a full fifty mile ride through the Indian country. As I rode along I recalled what our venerable Indian Missionary and friend, Thales H. Haskel, told our folks at home in Iron County some years previously, that the best bet when traveling among Indians was to place your confidence in their friendship, and camp with them. So I decided to camp at the home of some Indians—entire strangers to me, and possibly unfriendly.

"When I drew up to their camp the man was not at home so I tied my horses up and awaited his return. His wife said he would be home soon; that is she made signs to get this over to me.

"She went out and killed a big, fat lamb. She was careful to have her cooking utensils very clean and she washed her hands with as much circumspection as any cook would do, and I acknowledge here to an ungrateful trick, for which I have ever since been ashamed. It was just a finnicky, senseless notion

(*Continued on page* 551)

Western Echoes

By John Sherman Walker

THE WEST PRIMEVAL

A eerie whisper as cruel deaths move
In the desert,
As scorpion crawls—
As Gila monster and rattler groove
Through the dry dirt—
A far wolf calls;
A thundering flash and the sweeping lash
Of the late rains
On grama-grass
The rumble of hooves and a dull horn clash
O'er the great plains
When bison pass.
The scurry and pat of muffled feet
Out the forest—
The rush of stream.
An elfin ripple as speckled trout
Leaps the foam crest
'Neath gold moonbeam;
The hollow echo of falling cone
Near the pine tree
The creak of limb—
The mellow croon of an Indian tone
Coming carefree
From blue lake's rim

CONQUEST

The straining grumble of ponderous wheels
Sinking lowly
In virgin loam—
Staccato ring of a steel axe-blade
Winning slowly
The pioneer's home;
Tense, labored sweep of rider and horse
Racing westward
O'er gruelling trails
Bearing determined from distant points
To the eastward
All precious mails;
Persistent rasp of the pick and spade
On the hard shales—
Through stone ribbed soil
Raw guttural hum of brawny men
Placing long rails
In ceaseless toil,
Majestic mumble of monster craft
Stately rolling
In hissing pride
Frontierward amid a sobbing moan
And a tolling
'Cross prairies wide;
Hoarse cheer from trapper, bronzed lumber-jack
And the miner—
A plainsman's prayer;
Terse mill-wheel's buzz and the soaring zoom
Of winged liner
Cleaving the air.

The Peace Pipe *and the* Book *of* Mormon

By

Pearl Spencer

THERE is no Indian legend more interesting nor significant in view of Book of Mormon history than that of the origin of the peace pipe. The use of the peace pipe is a custom common to almost every tribe, and its origin is recalled in the legend which is always told visitors to the famous pipestone quarries at Pipestone, Minnesota, and which is recalled so vividly in "Hiawatha." For there, the story goes, the Great Spirit descended in ancient days, and there called the Indian nations together.

There, standing on the precipice of red rock, with all the awed and silent tribes before him, he talked long to them. Then he broke off a piece of rock, from which he made a huge pipe. This he smoked over them, telling them that the pipe stone was red, even as his flesh and theirs—that it belonged to them all and that it should be to them a symbol of Him and of peace with one another—that the war club and scalping knife should no more be used upon this holy ground.

WITH the last whiff of his pipe, his head disappeared into a cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was glazed; two great ovens were opened beneath and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them and are there yet to answer the invocations of the medicine men who still come to this sacred place to consult them.

Now recall the story of Christ's appearance to the Nephites as recorded in the Third Book of Nephi. You remember how the multitude gathered before Him, sat at His feet, listened, and partook of bread and wine in memory of Him

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Here is a bit of speculation which may or may not be interesting—according to the bent of the reader's mind. People generally are prone to set too much store by evidence which seems to support a favored belief. However, speculation is an interesting and not very dangerous pastime so long as one recognizes it as speculation.—Ed.

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and His commandments. "And this ye shall always observe to do." He said, "in remembrance of My body . . . and ye shall always have my Spirit to be with you . . . and blessed are you if ye have no disputations among you," and so on through those awe-inspiring words, until there came a cloud . . . and while they were overshadowed He ascended into heaven."

And the next day, the record tells, as the disciples were baptizing, "they were encircled about as if it were by fire . . . and angels did come down out of heaven and did minister unto them."

THE process by which the first long and beautiful record has become condensed into the legend of the peace pipe surely follows exactly the process of dramatization and coloring which can be traced in every legend whose origin we know. Surprisingly accurate is the cloud which covered the Great Spirit's head; what more natural than that the ring of fire should become the phenomenon of the molten rock; the apostles, especially the three who were not to taste of death, the guardian spirits who still guard the quarries and inspire; the bread and water changed through these thousand years, to the pipe, never more to the Indians than a sacred ceremonial of peace and brotherly love.

Surely, He whom the world has known as the Prince of Peace, left his message deeply impressed upon this continent, even though he spent but a few days upon it. And when we think of the wars which have torn the Christian nations, who have fought against each other in His name with His plainly written Word in one hand and a sword in the other, we feel that these Lamanites, without records for a thousand years, have not illy crystallized His message in the beautiful old record of the peace pipe, nor even, so far as their knowledge has gone, been far behind us in the observance of its spirit. And certainly they have carried down to us in sacred legend, one of our most striking, convincing corroborations of their early, sacred history, The Book of Mormon.

THE MAGIC HIGHWAY TO THE *Silent City*

By EDNA I. ASMUS

Illustrations by the Author

DO you remember when Alice, in the wonderland of her fascinating adventures, exclaimed earnestly to the Tiger-lily waving gracefully on the wind: "O Tiger-lily, I *wish* you could talk!" And the Tiger-lily replied: "We *can* talk when there's anybody worth talking to."

Well—if you are worth talking to, that is if you find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks and sermons in stones," there is a little-known wonderland of unique adventure awaiting you where stupendous canyons and vast chasms will tell you an ageless story of unimaginable beauty.

Older than time, this wonderland of which I speak is America's newest vacationland. It lies in the southwestern corner of Utah, extends down into the northwestern part of Arizona and includes the three national parks of Zion, Grand and Bryce Canyons, Cedar Breaks and the Kaibab National Forest.

DUE to the peculiar Cyclopean descent of this land from high plateaus of 11,000 feet elevation to 3,000 feet at the Virgin River, and the gentle ascent to the colossal arch of the Kaibab Plateau at nine thousand (9,000) feet, this far-flung frontier region with its Titanic terraces, palisaded plateaus, flaming canyons and richly sculptured amphitheatres cut from colorful rock layers, affords a scenic spectacle unsurpassed.

Furthermore, this little-known land is just emerging from the pioneer stage. It is not long since the Mormon forts along the road you travel repelled Indian attacks. It is not far to the fastnesses where cougars come forth to prey on the deer. The memory of "Butch" Cassidy, notorious bandit, robber, horse and cattle thief, who made his last stand against the law behind the ramparts of Red Canyon, is still fresh in the minds of the natives. And on the edge of the plains and in many a secluded canyon are the ruins of primitive dwellings overhung with mystery; while in the ageless Silent City itself, there are roads still to be built, trails still to be broken.

The Roman Soldier of Red Canyon guarding the road to the Silent City, Utah.

Here, from June first to October first, is to be seen a vast mysterious land of purple sage and empurpled distances, of fantastic rocks vivid with color, of sun-magic and the wizardry of wind and water.

Now there are two ways of reaching Cedar City, Utah, the Gateway to this vacationland. One is by train, via the Union Pacific: the other is by motor. Once having reached Cedar City, however, there is only one way to the Parks, and that is over the magic highway by motor.

WHY do I call it the "magic highway?" Because it not only leads you to a world of unique grandeur, but because in itself it is a remarkable example of superb road building under the most difficult conditions.

To take the train as we did seems on the whole the ideal arrangement. For from the moment you leave the home town, you are traveling under escort, and all arrangements for the complete tour of the Parks—a motor trip of almost 500 miles—including all reservations, meals, tickets, baggage, etc., are handled expertly by the tour's escort. All you need attend to is your own pleasure!

Arrived at Cedar City by train, you are assigned a seat in one of the comfortable, smooth-riding giant motor buses and introduced to your "gear-jammer" (Chauffeur) with whom you ride throughout the entire tour unless you choose, as we did, to tarry longer at one or more of the Parks. And let me add right here that for expert driving on roads that demand the utmost skill and mental alertness, for refinement, intelligence and charm, I have never met the equal of the "gear-jammers" in the Southern Utah Parks!

The accommodations throughout the Parks are excellent. Zion Lodge is 65 miles from Cedar City, the nearest railway station. Bryce Canyon Lodge is more than 86 miles, and Grand Canyon Lodge at the north rim of the Grand Canyon is 185 miles from Cedar City. Yet in this virgin wilderness the food and lodging are what you'd have a right to expect only at home!

Another outstanding feature at the Lodges is the lectures given nightly by government naturalists, and scientists. Your understanding and appreciation of this country is augmented greatly by these talks on its geologic and natural history.

FOR variety of scenery and the cumulative effect of its magnificence, I know of no other region of similar extent equal to this par-

The Great White Throne from the Temple of Sinawava.

Bryce Canyon, Utah.

The Watching Gods

ticular section of the southwest. From the moment you leave vermillion-hued Cedar City for Zion on the first lap of the 500-mile tour, you are attracted by the ever-changing and increasingly awe-inspiring landscape.

Red wastes . . . vast stretches of purple sage . . . pine-clad slopes . . . black undulating stretches of lichened lava flows overgrown with prickly pears, pin-cushion cacti, yucca and torchweed . . . sub-tropical regions lush with green and growing things . . . picturesque communities shaded by whispering poplars . . . blue distances evolving into an endless array of marching mountains, tawny, red, rose and gray . . . and finally, that tremendous tinted temple of stone, West Temple of the Virgin, rising before you at the Gates of Zion!

As for Zion itself—I can only suggest the spectacle that awaits you. For it is not only its formation—deep and narrow with walls 4,000 feet high, but its color—many shades of rich red and the white of alabaster streaming from its dizzy heights to its floor of vivid green interlaced with the silver of the stream, that makes it so magnificent a sight. And deep in the canyon, Zion Lodge sprawls against a warm east wall like a great sleepy cat.

NOT too many days can be spent here, swimming in the outdoor pool, climbing Lady Mountain, riding along the rim on horseback and exploring the Temple of Sinawava and the Narrows particularly remarkable for its vegetation which varies from the sub-tropical to that of north temperate climes.

The trip from Zion to Grand Canyon is a still greater adventure. After leaving the floor of Zion Canyon, the new Mt. Carmel Highway, one of the most spectacular engineering feats ever undertaken, loops and zigzags up Pine Canyon until it reaches the first great cliff of Zion, 1,200 feet high. There it enters a tunnel more than a mile long, within and paralleling the face of the precipice. Six great windows are cut from the tunnel walls, disclosing vistas of tremendous majesty.

Out again in the sunshine . . . new aspects of the temples of Zion . . . the almost ethereal beauty of the Vermilion Cliffs stretching across the distances . . . the Prismatic Plains, alive with dusty dancers gyrating among the brush . . . the immense blue arch of the Kaibab Plateau . . . up and up, a world of rainbow color . . . up and up, a world of illimitable cool, green shade.

In the Kaibab Forest, the largest yellow pine forest in the world, you see large-eyed deer peering at you from a covert of trees, sudden flashes of white as white-tailed squirrels scurry deeper into the forest at the sound of the motor, and sylvan meadows, green-swarded treeless open spaces bordered by silver-boled quivering aspens.

And almost without warning you reach Grand Canyon Lodge, cunningly built on the very brink of the north rim of the Grand Canyon, 6,000 feet above the mighty Colorado River.

THE Grand Canyon! "The Divine Abyss." John Burroughs called it, adding: "It seems as much of heaven as of earth . . . it is more like a vision, so foreign is it to all other terrestrial spectacles, and so surpassingly beautiful." It presents a wildness so cosmic and primeval that the human mind staggers under the impact!

To stay there forever! That's what you'll want to do. But you won't, for you have heard that there is something even more exceptional awaiting you. So you'll ride back through the fragrant Kaibab . . . through the Vermilion Cliffs . . . across dunes of pink sand down to the canyon of Parunuweap . . . along the Sevier River into Red Canyon with its rich red turrets and towers . . . out upon the level surfaces of a plateau to Bryce Canyon Lodge.

A walk of about 200 yards from the Lodge will take you to the rim of Bryce Canyon. And there—rising from 1,000 feet below, stands the Silent City, the most astonishing blend of exquisite beauty and grotesque grandeur ever produced by the forces of erosion. It resembles many things—a playground for the fairies. But perhaps its best likeness is to the city of Babylon or Persepolis still standing in silent glory. The prevailing colors of this iridescent basin crowded with "frozen life" are pink, coral, red, orange, yellow, white and purple with hundreds of subtle intermediate hues and tints.

Without taxing the imagination, you can see all sorts of buildings—castles, cathedrals, towers, bridges; all sorts of people—giants, gnomes, priests, soldiers, queens and common folk. Even the animal kingdom is well represented!

THE Silent City (Bryce Canyon) is perhaps the most gorge-

(*Continued on page* 551)

"I made a beeline for Trinity Church, which towers above the far-famed Avon."

A Rainy Day in Shakespeare's Town

By

George F. Paul

Who wouldn't brave the rain to spend a day on the spot made forever memorable by William Shakespeare? Mr. Paul talks lightly, yet sympathetically of his visit.

LULLED to repose by the music of the sweetly flowing river, Stratford-on-Avon dozes through the summer days, apparently conscious of the distinction that has come to it through the name of Shakespeare and quite indifferent as to whether it wins additional fame or not. For it the name of Shakespeare is sufficient. Here he first saw the light of day; here he grew to manhood; from here he went forth to win renown; to this quiet spot he returned when he had gained distinction in the busiest capital of the world.

It was on a rainy morning that I made the trip out from London to Stratford town. I shared a crowded compartment on the train with a hungry boy. He should have checked his appetite or paid an extra fare for it. He worked for three-quarters of an hour consuming his lunch, which entered a yawning aperture like the Mammoth Cave.

The train dumped me out in a lively rain, which sprinkled me as I executed a lively minuet from one souvenir stand to the other. Worst of all, I had no umbrella with me, and here I was in Stratford town with half a dozen moves to make on the sight-seeing

map and with the rain, the wet rain, trickling its friendly English way down my American back.

Then, too, the mud puddles grew very friendly, and insisted on throwing muddy souvenirs upon me. In such a dribbling state did I reach Shakespeare's birthplace that I halted several seconds on the very threshold to wring out the water from my dripping self. I also waited several additional seconds because the door would not open at the sound of the clapper, but needs must be attended to by a blowsy Briton. The door creaked, the Briton bowed, and in I walked.

NO sooner had I entered than at the suggestion of the custodian I seated myself in the ingle nook, no doubt where the great poet himself sat many a time three hundred years ago and gazed at fantastic pictures among the crackling logs. I must confess, however, that I felt no poetic sensations. No sweet music lulled my senses; no weird figures stirred my fancies; yet if a cup of steaming chocolate had been handed me in that ingle nook, what a feeling of contentment would surely have crept over me!

Other pilgrims were waiting to sit in the same spot that had now held Shakespeare and myself; so I arose and mounted the stairs to look upon the room wherein the bard was born. Hawthorne, in "The House of the Seven Gables," speaks of a room that had witnessed both births and deaths. Such a room is this, for within its walls Shakespeare's brothers and sisters were born, and here it was that his father and mother died.

In former days no visitors' book was provided, so whoever wanted to leave his name had to come equipped with a diamond, a can opener or a tenpenny nail. Thus armed, he was ready at a moment's notice to engrave his name and go staring down the ages with C. Fickens, W. Scott, G. G. Byron and other notables. Usually the visitor tries to place his autograph in some convenient spot where, in case of fire, it could be rescued at the first alarm. As soon as the fire broke out, all that the firemen would have to do to preserve these autographs would be to take out the window sashes, saw out the timbered ceilings, remove the plaster by the square foot, take down the bricks of the fireplace one by one, remove the door from its hinges, rip up the flooring, and thus in the twinkling of several eyes this great autograph album would be preserved intact.

Shakespeare's Monument

"Withal it is a fine garden, for here can be gathered all the flowers that Ophelia names."

AS a matter of fact, several hundred autographs were destroyed in 1820 when Mary Hornby, who then occupied the house, was ordered to leave it. She had no desire whatsoever to go; but when she found that it would be absolutely necessary for her to do so, she decided to leave in characteristic fashion. She took away all the furniture and relics said to be connected with the Shakespeare family; and then in a great haste she whitewashed the walls of the cottage, obliterating hundreds of autographs. Only part of the room in which Shakespeare was born escaped this act of resentment.

On ascending the back stairs I passed out into the trim little garden behind the house where useful and pretty things grow. Withal it is a fine garden, for here can be gathered all of the flowers that Ophelia names. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts; there's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you; there's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died."

All in all, this home of Shakespeare's is a typical old English place where, if it were not for the steady stream of visitors from many lands, life would glide along quietly to the hum of the kettle and the ticking of the clock.

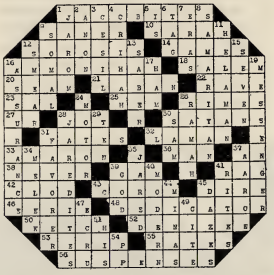
The Red Horse Inn! Here in olden times many a prince of Warwickshire was lodged. Here the great Garrick was sheltered when he came to Strat-

ford to direct the Shakespeare jubilee. Finally Washington Irving came and sat in a straight-backed chair and shivered in a very shivery room and nearly wore all the nickel plate off a poker stirring up the coals to keep himself warm. However, that did not turn his head against Shakespeare and his native village, for he wrote of this spot so charmingly that thousands have made the pilgrimage out to Warwickshire simply on his strong recommendation.

AFTER leaving the Red Horse Inn, I darted through the rain to a stationer's shop where I bought the whole town of Stratford for an English penny and shipped it post-haste to America. Then I fared forth and stood opposite the famous Harvard House. This is a quaint old structure that has grown so attached to the spot that it hasn't left it for over three hundred years. Here was born the mother of John Harvard, founder of Harvard University. One of the most conspicuous features of the house is the immense number of tiny windows with which its face is peppered. There must be fully 499 of them; and if there is any doubt about the matter, I shall even add another at my own expense and call it 500.

Next I made a beeline for Trinity Church, which towers above the far-famed Avon. Just then the spattering raindrops were ringing its glossy surface with a thousand circles. The church is approached by a long walk overhung with towering lime trees. Through these the fattest of the raindrops came rattling down on me.

Solution of Cross Word Puzzle which appeared in the June Issue



Note: No. 3 reading down seems to be a mistake.

The most important functionary at the church was a vigilant woman of three score years with her eye on the alert for stray specks of dirt that might have tarried for a moment on the pews. What with her eternal dust cloth and patent mop, she hurls defiance at the tooth of Time. In fact, I feel that if Father Time began nibbling too hard with his one tooth, this wrinkled factotum would rub soap suds into his mouth until he would be tickled to escape. It is very nice, however, to have this little old lady cleaning and dusting in the church, for there are so many dead people here that you cannot feel interest in anything modern whatever. Among these is Dr. John Hall, whose story is told in these words:

"Here lyeth ye body of John Hall, gent. He marr. Susanne ye daughter & coheir of Will Shakespeare. Hee decessed Nover 25 Ao 1635, aged 60."

ON Shakespeare's grave are inscribed four lines that have been more effective in preserving his bones than a keg of gunpowder could have been. The fear of the evil eye, of the hoodoo and of dead men's bones has ever been powerful the world over, and so the poet's remains lie here undisturbed—safe in the protection that twenty-eight simple words impart:

"Good friend for Jesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust encloased heare;
Blese be ye man that spares thes stones
And cusst be he yt moves my bones."

Surely such a spot as this, hallowed by the associations of his early manhood, is a more fitting burial place than if his body had been conveyed to Westminster Abbey. There it would in a large measure have partaken of the ceaseless turmoil round about it, but here in this secluded church the repose is peaceful and tranquil. Life glides along here gently from day to day, smooth and placid as the Avon drifting on its course. The golden glow of eventide flooding in through the lofty windows is mellowed and softened and, as it were, hushed within these old familiar walls.

And so it was that summer's day, for after the darkening rain clouds were swept aside, a thousand panes burst forth into living light, fit emblem of that immortality that encircles the name of Shakespeare.

Of the Very Best Material

Submitted by Ben. R. Eldredge

COPY of explanations accompanying the draft of a wagon sent to Mr. Peter Shutler of Chicago (1859):

Diameter of Hind Wheel—4 ft., 4 in.

Diameter of Fore Wheel—3 ft., 7 in.

Diameter of Hub—10 inches.

Depth of Felley—2½ inches.

Length of hind hounds from axletree to extreme point—4 ft., 2 in.

Track—5 feet.

Pipe Boxes—neatly turned out.

Medium size wagon with 1 7/8 inch arm if you have it; if not, let it be 2 inches in diameter at the shoulder.

Every Felley bolted on.

Let the *tongs* and *coupling poles* be of the very best timber.

As to the shape of the hounds, consult your own taste and note the drawing. In every other respect let the wagons be the same as the last you made me.

Every portion of the wagons to be of the very best timber and the very best seasoned.

Extracts from letter to Mr. Shutler.

"We shall want some of the other size wagons and where you usually put 2 inch arms put 2¼ inch. Mr. Eldredge will dictate in regard to these matters."

"Mr. Kesler will probably visit your shop with Mr. Eldredge. He is a good judge of timber, and I should like to have him suited in regard to the timber."

(Signed) Brigham Young.

Mr. Horace Eldredge at one time was instructed to buy for the church 2,000 oxen and 400 wagons, according to his son, Ben. R. Eldredge.

The Love Blossom

Continued from page 533

as the man fumbled in his sleeve.

She shook her head and pointed to her teeth and brows.

Lance remembered then that a bride goes to the altar with shaven brows and blackened teeth.

THE Japanese cleared his throat fiercely. "But you've drunk with her from the wedding flasks," he declared, his accent astonishingly good. "Now what?"

The soft beauty of her made Lance's head whirl but he couldn't banish the lotus-white face of Anne from his memory. The scent of the Spell-binder blossoms seemed to fill the temple and chain him to the memory of the girl he'd never find.

"Hurry, the lake is getting dangerous and you have to play tonight, you know." The Japanese tied on his clogs at the entrance and ran down the steep path.

"Have I injured you by drinking the bridal sake with you? You see, there's a girl called Anne and I must find her."

The air of the temple or the smile of the Goddess must have tangled his wits for Lance was not in the habit of telling his secrets so casually—he reddened and blamed the temple sake.

She picked up her lacquered sandals and fastened them and then looked up frankly. A dim lantern outside showed him that her eyes were not black but deeply blue and then he saw a string of beads swing out above the samisen.

"Anne, for Pete's sake step on it. Do you want to have to buy that fool outfit from Osuki? The rent of it for a day is outrageous and if it gets wet . . . make it snappy."

WITH the shouted words came again the fragrance of the flowers from China and Lance touched one of the wax beads and put it to his nose.

She nodded and flushed. "Yes. They are living in wax just now, I—well, I just wanted to keep them in memory of—old Yin-Ying in Kiangsu . . ." she whispered.

"Remember her prophecy? 'Love is born in her heart and that love remains—' "

"In *his* heart," she corrected, blushing for his arms were about her gorgeous sash now.

"In *our* hearts," he amended.

Navajo and Pioneer Friends

Continued from page 544

against eating after an Indian's cooking. I made her understand that I had eaten a short time before. (I suppose that is what would be called an innocent, white lie, but never again.) Then the man came and had my ponies taken away, and asked by signs when I wanted them brought back. I told him, also by signs, that I wished to get off early the next morning.

"Even though the reception was apparently friendly, I still had serious doubts as I saw my horses go out of sight over the ridge. I wondered if I should ever see them again. When the family were sound asleep and everything was quiet, I decided to try to find the horses and make sure they had not been stolen, so I crept silently out of bed and stealthily made my way by following the tracks of the animals until I found them in the most perfect pasture I had seen. I returned quietly to my bed much relieved. At daybreak my ponies were brought and tied to the tree from which they were taken the night before. They were fresh and ready for another fifty miles.

WHEN our caravan returned to his vicinity, we met my Indian host and further headway in our friendship was made. For years our meetings continued until our friendship ripened into a sacred love, which was nurtured by an honored Indian custom of exchanging gifts. Sometimes on his part it consisted of a choice leg of mutton, sometimes a leg of young venison, again some handiwork of silver, a fancy rug, etc., made by his wife or others of their people. The seventy-five miles which separated our homes was no great barrier to our meeting except when the weather was very bad.

SOMETIMES I wonder if this spirit of exchanging gifts will not carry over into that permanent home along with the gospel and all other beautiful things that are "praise-worthy and of good report," as a sort of physical medium to cement spiritual friendships. What, on this earth, is more to be desired than friends whose hearts are pure and true, and who do not waver through good or evil report? As such an one I regard that old descendant of Lehi—Nattancy-yazzy."

The Magic Highway to the Silent City

Continued from page 547

ous spectacle in the world. So tarry there as long as possible. Follow its many trails (some of which are still to be completed) on foot and horseback around the rim and down into the canyon. But never wander alone off the beaten trail down in the canyon, as I did, and discover yourself lost in the most bewildering labyrinth that ever baffled human ingenuity!

But when you must leave the Silent City—and what joy is not evanescent?—there is no more felicitous way than over the climbing, dipping highway by way of Cedar Breaks which in vastness and wild grandeur is the greatest of Utah's painted amphitheatres.

This cursory birdseye-view of a country about which thousands of words could be written, is in its brevity little more than a sign post at the crossroads. But if it guides your restless spirit over the magic highway to the Silent City it will have served its purpose well.

Then, later, in the afterglow of memory you will recall, as I do now, the words of Whittier:

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall,
Are God's great pictures hung."

Broadcastings from the M. I. A. Annual Conference

Continued from page 529

were held on the afternoon of June 11, 1932, as a part of the June conference of the M. I. A., the dancing contest having taken place the day before at Saltair. Intense interest was evident throughout, and the events proved to be a delightful culmination of the season's work.

In the contest in dancing, Northwestern States Mission took first place, Nellie Baker and William Powell of Portland, Oregon, being their representatives. Judges were Miranda Matson, Fred Jackson and Nell Anderson.

The drama contest was held at the Playhouse, winners being Bountiful First Ward, South Davis Stake. Judges were Leora Thatcher, Wallace Goates and Mrs. Grace Nixon Stewart.

In M Men public speaking, Elwin Garfield of Tremonton, Bear River Stake, was given first place. In Gleaner public speaking, Doris Dalby of Salt Lake Stake won. Judges for both events were Dr. Adam S. Bennion, Judge Oscar McConkie, and Mrs. T. Earl Pardoe.

The Retold Story winners were: William Mulder, Salt Lake Stake (Vanguard), and Lila Kainz, Hollywood Stake (Junior Girl). Judges were Harrison R. Merrill, Margaret Caldwell and Mrs. Claire Stewart Boyer.

In the Vanball contest, Ephraim North Ward of North Sanpete Stake, placed first, with Emigration Ward, Liberty Stake, second. Consolation awards went to Kaysville Ward, North Davis Stake, first and Bear River Stake second.

In Archery, Elliott Airmet of Ensign Ward, Ensign Stake, took first place. In the contest for Vanguard leaders, Gilbert Moss of Liberty Stake, won. Ensign Ward, Ensign Stake, placed first in the Archery team contest. In the clout shoot, Phillip Thompson of Bountiful Second Ward, South Davis Stake, placed first. In the flight contest, Wilson White, of Cottonwood Ward, Cottonwood Stake, was first place winner. The shooting of the first arrow in the contest by President Ivins, lent a note of intense interest.

The Echo Canyon War

Continued from page 530

Such waves of sound as fairies can
Alone send forth. Then through the dale,
Back came the echo—"Hail, all hail!"
Waved now the queen her magic wand
And lily field became a band
Of list'ning sprites on blades of grass—
"My gentle Friends, we must not pass
The purpose of our gathering here:
Behold, the streamlets cool and clear,
How from great heights of purest snow
They trickle down to vales below;
These we must hold for our own sakes,
And turn them into glist'ning lakes.

So 'twas agreed, and seven dells
By dint of work and fairy spells
With falling dew and feath'ry flakes
Became blue, shimmering, limped lakes,
In which the quaking-asps and pines
Are mirrored with the rough-hewn lines
Of crag and peak and rose-hued cloud;
While moon and stars so calm and proud,
View from their lofty dwelling place
Their own majestic, mystic grace.

Years flew apace and beaut'ous glen
Became a fav'rite haunt of men,
And thither-ward went Brigham Young
Of whom the fairies once had sung—
Went with his people to rejoice
And give their grateful feelings voice,
For flocks and herds and valleys fair,
For rest and peace—O Saints beware!

Their tents were pitched, the feast was spread,
The Stars and Stripes waved over-head;
The July sun sent down its ray
And merriment tripped through the day,
While cupid's bow was slyly bent
And many a glance of love was sent
'Twixt noble youth and blushing maid,
As hand in hand they walked the glade.

A word, a thrill, and Brigham Young
To his keen eye the glasses flung,
And lo, four men dashed o'er the plain
On flying steeds. With might and main
They urged them through the canyon wild
To tell the news. Serene and mild
Their leader stood, then spoke the word
Which every heart with anguish stirred.
"Break camp," he said, "with morning's ray,
Back to our homes we must away;
An army from United States
Is on the way, our fair estates
To confiscate, and drive us hence.
This, Dear Friends, our recompense,
For teaching love for all mankind,
And leaving homes and wealth behind
For those who, ruthless, drove us forth
Caring for neither cold nor dearth,
To plod the deserts wild and lone,
Which beast and savage called their own;
Where many fell in their last sleep,
Where wint'ry blasts their vigils keep.
For God and conscience sake we came—
And liberty. In His great name
You shall be free.

"Now to your beds, in His kind care
Let peace and trust displace despair."
Adown the canyon's winding trail,
O'er sloping hills and fertile vale
They made their way, each tongue subdued,
Each heart upraised in gratitude

To Israel's God whose gracious Beam
Had guided them o'er brake and stream,
When through a wild, mountainous land
They came an exiled, pilgrim band
And, whom they knew would guard them now,
Though armies might their homes o'erthrow.

The army camped at Fort Winfield;
With false reports and hatred zealed
And sickened with their toilsome way
Were ripe and eager for the fray;
They fain would meet and measure steel
With Mormon horde and make them feel
The weight of their superior arms,
Meanwhile they jested of the charms
Of mountain maid—her pretty wiles
Would cheer them for their weary miles;
And well-stored homes of wholesome food
Were easy prey fore-casting good
Where soldiers of the U. S. A.
Should hoist their flag supreme and gay.

Swift messengers from side to side
Traversed the canyon horse astride
The Governor of Deseret
Was notified and duly met
An army captain cool and shrewd,
In most respectful attitude
Before the chief who on him threw
A glance at once so firm and true,
The gallant Captain was disarmed
Of threatened fear * * * or was he charmed
With dignity of speech and poise
Of him whom perfidy had noised
Was in rebellion 'gainst the States?
However, history relates—
The soldier came to purchase stores,
Commissioned by superiors,
Who weighty documents had sent
Charging a deed of great moment.
By some mistake the Nation's Chief
Executive, whose wisdom brief
Allowed him to absorb the tale,
With which the army doth regale
Itself betimes, and men and staff
Are quite content to chew the chaff—
How certain records had been burned
And "Mr. Young, you must have learned;
Your Governor is on the way,
Must be installed without delay.

Our soldiers too must enter here—"
"Come they in peace? The tale's not clear;
Why send an army to install
A governor? Within the law I'm governor of Deseret
Am sworn to honor and protect
My people 'thout regard to creed,
There's something back, there is no need
Of arm-ed troops or adder's tongue
To do the right." Said Brigham Young:
"We've been maligned; some rascals low
Have plotted for our overthrow;
The canyon bleak and wild and riven
Shall hold you back till word is given
That we our course may justify,
The word that brot you was a lie.
Your army, sir, will be delayed
Till explanations have been made.
Until we hear from Washington—
My men may be depended on;
They hold the key to yon vast gate
Until they're ready you can wait."

"Governor Young, do you not know,
If our great nation orders so
You must eventually submit?
Though brave your men you cannot pit
Their strength against United States."
The captain said. "Though all the fates
Were with you for a lengthened time—"
"We want no fight," in tones sublime
The chief averred, "but if we must
In His strong arm we'll put our trust;
Our wives and daughters we'll defend
And fight you to the bitter end;
Come you with sword or gun or rod,
You cannot measure arms with God.
But God forbid that we should shed
One drop of blood or bow one head,
Save it should be in self-defense.
But bear you this intelligence—
We will not furnish you supplies
For man nor beast, and I advise
That you construct a winter fort,
And settle down to peaceful sport
And keep your men from wandering
The while you wait for tardy Spring."
"Sir," said the soldier, "I believe
You true, and fain would I relieve
You from the threatened cloud—"
Grasping his hand: "I'm more than proud
To find such candor such resolve.
I go this mischief to dissolve,
Allow the troops to march this way
And peace shall glint their banners gay."

"Kind sir," said Young, "you do not know
The treachery that lurks below
The surface of a seeming truce,
E'en General Johnston can't induce
Me or my men to let them through
Until we prove them frank and true;
I've heard such promises before.
And seen them broken o'er and o'er.
Go, tell your General, Officer,
The constitution we revere
He'll find the records 'thout a flaw,
My people honoring the law
And fearing God. If he shall say:
That to these vales he'll fight his way.
Tell him from me; though deserts bloom
In God's great world there still is room,
Which we will find, begin again,
This order, Sir, you can't restrain.

"We've made new homes, been driven forth
As vagabonds unfit for earth;
And in the Name of Israel's God,
By these broad vales our feet have trod,
Made sacred by our prayers and tears—
Where we've had rest a few short years.
Should he succeed his point to gain,
He shall not find nor grass nor grain
Nor tree nor shrub; we'll sweep with fire
Our own dear homes; then he may hire,
Good Sir, the tardy elements
To feed his horses, fill his tents
With wholesome food and choice supplies,
On barren valleys feast his eyes;"
Then from his lips so firm there ran:
"We're all united to a man."

The Indian Summer with its glow
Of gorgeous sun and brilliant show
Of scarlet bands and tufts of gold,
Had paled before the storm-king bold,
Who robed the earth with snow and ice
And held the streams as with a vice,
Making it hard for man and beast,
Who had not shared in harvest feast
Frozen and starved the cattle died.
For still the army must abide
Far from their contemplated goal,
Though one had said—peace to his soul—
"That Mormon valor he would quell
And winter there or else in hell;"
But Mormon valor stood the test,
And guarded well the sacred nest.

But men must arm and women work.
Each to his task not one must shirk;
The children must be clothed and fed.
The soldier husbands who had sped
Into the canyon's rugged hold
Must be protected from the cold;
You wives must sew and weave and spin
And fashion garments—coats of skin,
Or carpets from your looms will do
As well as gilded coats of blue;
Though garbed in rags or what you will,
A soldier is a soldier still.

Prepared for war, prepared for peace,
Praying that enmity might cease,
That peaceful messengers might bring
Good news with the first gleam of Spring.

And so it was, the bubble burst;
Buchanan's blunder from the first
Had been the butt and scoff of men
On land and sea, by word and pen—
They censured him; the soldiers too
Who'd had to scrimp and shiver through
An arduous Winter 'thout reward
Of e'en a battle with the guard.
Who'd watched the canyon night and day,
Would fain have made of him their prey.

The bloodless war was at an end,
For lo, there came a stalwart friend,
A mediator 'twixt the two,
The suffering army and the few
Brave citizens of Deseret—
The situation must be met;
The President had pardon sent
To men who never yet had bent
The bands of justice or of right,
Their only crime to stand in might
For righteousness and liberty,
That 'neath the flag men might be free.

Ex-Governor Young assenting to
The overtures; 'thout more ado
Governor Cumming was installed,
The army still by mountains walled.
Must needs remain without the vale.
Said Brigham Young: "I'll not entail
The smallest risk! No army shall
Encamp within the city wall;
The followers —— that motley gang,
Who drag along with smirching slang.
Like carrion feeding on their prey,
Shall not pollute our streets one day;
Or if they do as we have said
They'll find the hills and valleys red
With flame and smoke." The Governor
Made promises * * * stood sponsor for
The soldiers if they might pass through
The city—e'en the motley crew,
Should keep the peace and far away
Should make their camp. Then came the day
When cavalry with flags unfurled,
Pranced down the canyon to the world
They'd hoped and waited long to see.
And line on line of infantry,
Their blankets rolled upon their backs.
Their bright canteens and haversacks.
With bayonets pointing to the sky,
To martial music hurried by,
For mile on mile they needs must tramp
Beyond the city to their camp.

The dreary streets stretch wide and long.
With not a child, a maid or song,
After their long and weary wait
To waft a greeting o'er the gate,
The brooklets only through the grass
Are laughing at them as they pass.

How lone and still! How desolate.
What evil this, what dismal fate
Has fallen on this once glad town?
Where are its people, whither flown
The life, the spirit of the vale?
Ah, yonder cottage tells the tale;
Look thou within the shining pane
And pitying tears thou'lt not restrain.
True to his word was Brigham Young,
His people hearkened to his tongue:
"Once more, O Israel, to your tents,
Go seek the Southern settlements,
Until we're sure there is no snare
To trip our feet; have you a care?
Our trusted soldiers—two or three—
Shall here remain; should treachery
Lift but one finger, every latch
Will yield to them. The flaming match
Will do the rest * * * Nay, do not weep!
The sacrifice you make shall leap
Up on the ember's scarlet glow
Unto high Heaven; your homes laid low
Shall witness to your faithfulness.
Fresh courage take, should this distress.
This darkling cloud be turned aside
And men and officers abide
In friendliness within our gates
We shall return your fair estates.
Made fairer by the passing cloud,
Shall cheer with joy the heart's now bowed,
And Israel's God shall with us be,
And crown our lives with victory!"

Herein is a bit of unrecorded history of a tragedy —or was it a tragedy— which occurred many years ago. The incident is told by

Karl E. Young

who for years, has been studying Indian customs, costumes and stories.

A Frontier Burial....

1. Moulded bullets and pouch.
2. Metal powder cans.
3. Bullet mould.
4. Silver rifle-mountings.
5. Knife blades.
6. Cold chisel.
7. Bundle of mysterious sticks.
8. Copper bracelets.

SOMETIME in the early history of Utah a strange death overtook two men in the mouth of American Fork Canyon. The evidence of the tragedy, which has only recently been revealed, was contained in two shallow graves which were found just before snowfall last November by Jack Healy, a prospector.

Mr. Healy was picking his way across a steep hillside when his curiosity was aroused by two queer-looking mounds which, as he tells us, "seemed mighty superstitious," out in the middle of a smooth shale slope. He struck his pick into one of the mounds and lodged it, to his amazement, in a human skull. Working rapidly, he soon removed a covering of about ten inches of shale and rocks and laid bare two human skeletons, each reposing on a litter of decayed oak boughs and leaves.

THE dead men had evidently been buried with all of their possessions, for the remains of four old muzzle-loading rifles lay in the hollows of their arms, and knives and powder-cans, as well as pouches containing moulded bullets were found along with many other less important articles which had been placed beside the bodies. But Healy's eye suddenly fell upon a much-battered cold-chisel. Its effect upon his imagination was instantaneous and complete. Such a tool, he thought, could be used only for prospecting; hence these men must have been prospectors. Furthermore, since so many other possessions had been buried beside them, no doubt their 'findings,' must also be in the graves. With a true prospector's excess of zeal, Mr. Healy immediately began to clean out the graves in his search for treasure. Bones, guns, beads, bracelets, tattered clothing, hair, harness, and everything else he came to were thrown indiscriminately among the rocks aroundabout. And, having arrived at the bottom of the graves without finding the expected sacks of gold, the excited man continued to excavate, pitching rocks and refuse out on the wreckage below him.

It was in this deplorable condition that Dr. George Hansen, of the B. Y. U. Geology Department, found the evidence when, after being notified of the discovery, he took a small group of men to American Fork with him to investigate. Since a systematic excavation had been rendered impossible, he and his men gathered up everything that could be found and took notes on what Mr. Healy said concerning the positions of the skeletons and all other objects as

they lay in the graves when first discovered. The skeletons were then laid out and pieced together and an attempt was made to reconstruct the evidence as nearly as possible.

THE first assumption was that the men were Indians, for Indians are accustomed to burying a dead man's possessions with him so that he may have no difficulties on his journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds. This assumption was supported by a number of significant details: first, the finding of several bits of straight black hair which, when examined under the microscope, looked very coarse and heavy in comparison with white man's hair; then, numerous fragments of eagle feathers and scraps of otter fur—both very characteristic articles of Indian adornment; third, a double handful of colored china beads and two copper bracelets such as the traders sold to Indians; fourth, a bundle of short sticks crudely sharpened at one end, but skinned and whittled smooth, and tied together with a strip of cloth very much like an old hat band. (These sticks were too short to have been made into arrows. Perhaps they were part of a "medicine bundle.") Finally, there were patches of fringed buckskin with tiny blue beads still hanging from shreds of sinew thread.

Opposed to this array of facts was a long, if not quite so convincing, list of reasons for supposing that the men were whites. First of all, their equipment was much more complete than was usually the case with Indians. Besides the four long-barrelled, silver-mounted rifles, powder-cans, bullet pouches, and knives already mentioned there were found in the graves two powder horns, a bullet-mould, two sets of stirrups (but, singularly enough, no trace of leathers or saddle-trees to go with them), two bridle bits, several buckles and hooks which must have come from pack saddles, a bell such as is attached to a horse at night, two spoons, the cold-chisel, a factory-made clay pipe, and—most important—several fragments of various kinds of cloth (homespun, whipcord, calico print and silk) which, along with glass buttons and brass coat buttons, had comprised important articles of apparel. Much of the equipment looked like government issue. Of course, the fringed buckskin, furs, feathers and even beads and bracelets might be explained away by citing instances from Parkman's "Oregon Trail" or other authentic books in which white frontiersmen dressed and lived very much like Indians.

ONE more argument could be recruited in support of the theory that the men were whites: the enamel had been badly worn off of the grinding surfaces of the teeth in one skull. Such a condition is common among tobacco-chewers, and tobacco-chewing is a white man's habit. Nevertheless, when the evidence was weighed the conclusions arrived at were that the skeletons were those of Indians, and furthermore, that they must have been buried by friends, because enemies would, without a doubt, have left their bodies to the coyotes and carried off their guns and other valuables.

And yet, though buried by friends it is quite certain that these men had suffered a violent death, for the top of one skull had been caved in while it was green and had dried in this shape, indicating that this person had been killed by a blow from a heavy, blunt instrument,—perhaps a war club or the butt of a gun. Just how the second man died it was impossible to ascertain, although several bits of long black hair were found near him stuck together by what must have been clots of blood.

IT is possible to account for most of the evidence by supposing that these two men were killed in a skirmish with some enemy and then quietly buried by their companions after the fight. But in this case it is strange that the burials should have been situated so high above the canyon floor, for they were two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards up on a very steep slope of the mountain. It is conceivable that the warriors were buried where they fell, but it is more probable that they were in enemy country and that their friends had brought them high up on this difficult slope to prevent discovery and desecration of their bodies after the war-party had left the country. This would also adequately explain the absence of horses from the burials, for it would be difficult to get horses up on the steep mountain in the first place, and it would be still more difficult to conceal the burials if horses were killed there, and lastly, the war party would probably be in need of all the horses it could get.

At the Grave.

The date of the killing is very uncertain, but there is some reason for supposing that it took place in the spring of the year between fifty and seventy-five years ago. The finding of several oak twigs with small dried buds on them in the litter at the bottom of the graves was the basis for fixing the early spring as the time of the incident. And the extremely badly decomposed contents of everything in the graves including the rifle barrels, which were pitted and rusted almost to pieces, as well as the type of equipment determined the fixing of the date at so early a period in Utah history.

It is however, possible that these might have been victims of the Black Hawk War. If anyone can add anything to the information already obtained, Dr. George H. Hansen will be glad to affix it to the display of the relics now in a showcase at the Brigham Young University.

Twenty-first Annual Timpanogos Hike

ANNOUNCEMENTS have been made by those in charge of the 21st Annual Timpanogos Hike that it will be held on July 22-23. The program in the Theatre of the Pines at Aspen Grove will be held Friday evening, July 22. It will be followed by the huge ceremonial bonfire which will be lighted in the traditional fashion by twenty-one nymphs of Mt. Timpanogos. The Annual organized hike will take place on the following day, July 23.

Forest officials declare that snow is unusually plentiful on the mountain this year and that glacier, waterfalls, and flowers will be at their best by July 23.

If You Haven't a Wand, Wave a Spade

By Margaret C. Moloney

IT'S marvelous the magic there is in the common garden variety of spade. I venture to say it carries as much magic as the wand the fairy godmother waved so recklessly around and about the person of poor little Cinderella. For when the spade gets busy Mother Nature steps up and for magic stunts she's a world-beater, barring none—fairy godmothers not excepted!

Not having a wand, or a fairy godmother, but having a woodshed that was the one discordant note in our rural symphony, I wielded the spade in lieu of the wand, and left the rest to Mother Nature, and between us we * * * but I'll let the old woodshed tell it in his own way.

"It's clothes that make the man," said the old woodshed.

The great fir towering above him made no reply. Clothes were the least of his troubles. He'd always had them. Always would have them so long as he lived.

"Take meself, for instance," the old-timer continued. "Last spring when the little ranch began to blossom out, from the new rustic gate opening onto the highway, to the new stile leading down to the racing driver, with a new coat of willow green for the wee house, flowery prints for all the fruit trees, a green velvet carpet underfoot—why even the scrub oaks were presented with brand new green suits—everything on the ranch had a new spring suit, but me. And here I stood in plain view of the highway, old and ugly, marring the whole picture. I felt bad, I can tell you, and I looked worse!

"One day when I was feeling about as bad as a fellow can feel along came Herself with her arms full of tubers and twigs and things, and a spade.

" 'Poor Old Dear,' she tried to comfort me, seeing how bad I looked, 'we're going to try waving a spade around, since we have no magic wand. We haven't any fairy godmother, but we have a grand old Mother—Nature, and we'll see what we shall see.' She laughed very happily and started digging all around me; but I wasn't happy by any means for I figured that if she was going to plant flowers at my feet I'd only look worse looming up big and ugly above them you know.

"But she worked ahead until she had all the plants in, and then she stood back and checked them off to be sure she had them right—

" 'On the west,' she said, 'clematis paniculata and purple wistaria, one at each corner. The wistaria can climb up this way and the clematis this way, and when they meet over the door!' She shook her bobbed head as if she hadn't words to express what she was thinking. 'On the north,' she went on, 'Dorothy Perkins and Bittersweet. On the west just the ivy. For the wood must be thrown in somewhere, and ivy is the only thing that would withstand that ordeal. South, Paul's Scarlet climber, Silver Moon climber, and Lace Vine. Yep, all in. Now, old man,' she smiled kindly at me, 'we'll let Nature do her stuff.'

I WASN'T enthusiastic, but I was curious, naturally, and I kept an eye on those plants, and, sir, in no time they were sending up green shoots; and one day I looked down and found that the Paul Scarlet had crawled up and covered an old wound in my side. Then I began to hope. A few days later I caught the bold purple wistaria signaling the little clematis to meet him up there over the door just as she Herself had planned, and that dainty little clematis held on to me with one hand and waved the other gayly to the wistaria—that she'd be there, and she was there, too, in no time. The bittersweet and the ivy, and the lace vines, and all the roses, too, while seeming to be swinging idly in the breeze, were creeping rapidly up my sides, covering all the bad spots; and then one sparkling June morning after a night of warm showers, I found myself clothed from the ground up to the very top of my head in the most beautiful of all the garments on the ranch, not a tatter to be seen! She, herself, and Mother Nature had outdone Cinderella's godmother, with no wand at all—just a garden spade! Solomon in all his glory was never turned out as I was, and—but well you saw me, yourself!"

The Fir nodded grumpily. He wasn't given to compliments, but he had to admit the truth of the old-timer's words.

"Was I happy!" the old man went on, with no encouragement from the fir tree, "but the greatest thrill—the thrill supreme—came later in the season, one evening after a trying hot day in August.

"I was pretty well spent, and sort o' dreamily watching night take possession of the world. Thought how she never failed to come, and how she always seemed more gentle than the day, crooning the same drowsy sleepy lullaby that the world never tires of. I watched the moon peek up over the firs cautiously and then as if assured by someone glide confidently into the high heavens. I felt the cooling breath of the night breeze and was just ready to doze when they came, hand in hand—Herself and Himself, the most beautiful of all the beautiful world!

" 'Isn't it glorious, dear?' said Herself. 'It was done by me and Mother Nature—and the old garden spade.' Their laughter rang out pleasantly, not disturbing the night in the least. 'Don't you love it, dear?' Herself asked Himself, speaking of me, of course, and Himself spoke up quickly—

" 'It certainly is glorious, dearest, but' here he drew her into his arms and his lips were so close to her ear that if it had not been for the night breeze relaying his words I could not have heard, 'it's you I love!' "

Book Reviews

"There is no frigate like a book to bear us lands away . . ."
—Emily Dickinson.

A White Bird Flying

By BESS STREETER ALDRICH
(D. Appleton Co.)

IF the word "wholesome" were interpreted to mean only that which is good and true and fine, instead of being used with such prodigal frequency to describe unpleasant things which are good for people, it would be the term to apply to this book. A sequel to "A Lantern in Her Hand," it takes up the Deal family soon after the first book left them, and weaves into the fabric of their various lives the values which are strong and real, with such a deft touch that readers find the patterns of their own lives changing subtly.

The beauty of living and of dying after life has been lived beautifully is the quiet theme of this book, which in spite of its simplicity, touches upon the greatest and most fundamental of human experiences in such a way as to make an indelible and lasting impression.

Concerned generally with all the Deals, it is specifically the story of Laura Deal, the twelve-year-old grand daughter of Abbie Deal, who somehow knew, when her be-loved grandmother was found dead alone in her house, that she would have wanted to be alone, with only the memories of her pioneer days, her little children who had inexplicably become less hers as they grew older, and Will, the husband who had died years before, yet never lost his power to speak to her and help when she needed him. Laura knew that it was best—"just doing it yourself. You had to do it by yourself anyway. Nobody could help you do it:" and Laura who had loved and understood her grandmother, found a verse which the old lady had pasted in her scrap book recently which described her feeling about her grandmother's death:

"Pain has been and grief enough and bitterness and crying,
Sharp ways and stony ways I think it was she trod.
But all there is to see now is a white bird flying,
Whose blood-stained wings go circling high,—circling up to God."

Grandmother had had such a hard life, Laura knew; and yet she had been happier than most people whose lives are easy. The old days when Nebraska was a barren prairie, when crops were destroyed by drought and wind and grasshoppers, those days were the ones which Grandma Deal had loved to live over and over again. And now that she was gone, old Os-Lutz the only one left of the old Pioneers, told his stories of the early days. He would take a pail full of vegetables to give to someone, and then tell them stories; and Laura could never understand why it was that nobody except herself seemed to like to hear him. They joked about him behind his back, and groaned when they saw him coming. But Laura somehow felt that the stories should be heard, and remembered. The one thing which puzzled her was his cheerfulness in contemplating death. "Don't fear it, not a mite," he would say; but the child knew that he did fear a long drawn-out illness. He wanted to go like a tree, crashing in the wind.

From the day, soon after her Abbie Deal's funeral, when Laura had gone by herself to walk about the house, she knew that she must do something lovely to justify her grandmother's faith in her. A career was to be hers, and nothing must interfere with it. Uncle Harry and his wife, her wealthiest relatives, were willing to take her as their own child, and give her every opportunity for study and travel which would make her into a great writer. The fact that Allen Rineminller (a grandson of the old friend Rheinminller) fell in love with Laura and wanted her to marry him had but a momentary influence on the girl. She felt that anyone could marry and have a family—only a gifted few could have careers.

Driving the night before she was to go to Uncle Harry and Aunt Carolyn, and begin to do big things, she and Allen were caught in a terrific storm. Lightning, thunder, rain in sheets and wind that blew like fury all combined to make an eerie strangeness which frightened her. Driving fast to get to shelter, the two of them, in a flash of lightning, saw old Oscar silhouetted against the skyline above a hill, arms outstretched, like a prophet; and a giant tree, split by lightning, toppled and fell on him. The old man had gone as he had wanted to go—like a tree in the wind. Later at home and in bed, Laura realized that she was facing a turn in the road—that no matter what else life has to offer, only love matters. She chose Allen instead of the possible career, and in her choice she found happiness.

Uncle Harry, not lightly to be flouted, left to Laura in his will the sum of one dollar. In the field with her children one day, Laura threw the money into the grass, and bade the little ones find the most valuable thing in the pasture. One found a tree; one a meadow lark, and one found the baby who had run out at the critical moment. And they all went into the house, having found their lovely things. "And the sun shone and the rain fell. . . . And Uncle Harry Wentworth's dollar was turned deep under the sod. But though the sun shone on it and the rain fell, nothing ever came from it—not a green thing nor a singing thing nor a human soul."

In this day of complicated novels which leave the reader wondering what is worth-while, after all, this book "A White Bird Flying" comes with dewy freshness, and, though almost childishly simple in places, it is strangely unforgettable.

—Elsie T. Brandley.

The Pony Express

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN
(Putnam, New York City)

THE Pony Express! The words have romance in them, for what youth has not glowed with excitement at the very mention of the fearless men and the matchless horses that whisked the mail over 2,000 miles of plains, mountains, and deserts lying between the little frontier town, St. Joseph, on the Missouri River, and the already romantic city, San Francisco?

Beset by Indians, hindered by rain and snow and blizzards, threatened by raging torrents and the relentless deserts, the young men, who "must not weigh more than 120 pounds each" carried the mail, themselves, and even their horses and bosses into immortality. So long as blood flows red and print is readable these horses and riders pounding over lonely wastes will excite the imagination of young and old alike.

Arthur Chapman, the man to whom every westener should be grateful for his poem, "Out Where the West Begins," in a 319 page book, beautifully printed and illustrated, has made the Pony Express live again. With a love for the task in hand manifest on every page, Chapman has given us no mere history—although he has given us an authentic history—but a moving drama of the old West. He has rounded up for us many of the characters whose biographies have made the true story of the West and has introduced them to us in a way that makes them live before our eyes. Among these are men like Brigham Young, Porter Rockwell and others of our own region, as well as many others.

In this fascinating tale we are brought face to face with events which brought about the establishment of the Pony Express, and then in a few stirring chapters we are made to see the heroism, the courage, the stamina of the men who made the impossible come true.

Salt Lake City, the Deseret News, Mormon express riders, are frequently mentioned, for the "City of the Saints" was a key city and some of the Mormon pioneers were important in the establishment and success of the Pony Express, as they were in every important movement in those early days.

In this well documented history of an important movement, Mr. Chapman reveals something of the struggle a new nation was having with an unwieldy territory which senators and congressmen were loathe to claim. He tells of some famous rides by famous horsemen which foreshadowed the "Pony;" some battles among whites and between whites and Indians which had far-reaching effects upon the project; of a time when Uncle Sam purchased camels for the "great American desert;" and of the final abandonment of the shuttle of horseflesh which held a loosely knit nation together.

"The Pony Express" is a book that any westerner is likely to enjoy immensely. From it he will obtain knowledge of the type of manhood and courage which made America, as we have dreamed it, possible.

In his concluding paragraphs, Mr. Chapman has this to say:

"The Pony Express was the greatest school of horsemanship ever developed. . . . The men of the 'Pony' established records for endurance in the saddle which will remain unequaled for all time. . . . Their so-called 'ponies' were anything but such in reality —powerful animals, clean of limb, deep of lung, and 'outlaw' in disposition. Only resilient youths, born to the saddle, could have ridden such animals at top speed day after day.

"The clattering hoofs of the 'Pony,' and the sound of the rider's horn, aroused echoes which never can be stilled."

On April 3, 1860, a horse and rider shot out of the little frontier town, St. Joseph, on the Missouri river, carrying mail for the West and on the same day a "Pony" left San Francisco for the East—a new fast mail was established. "The Express" lost fortunes and lasted only a few months, but it got the mail through, and in so doing paved the way for other American achievements.—*H. R. Merrill.*

The Oregon Trail

By FRANCIS PARKMAN
(Junior Literary Guild)

THE "mountain-men" and the Indians have come into their own again. In all the reviews and on the book-store shelves down-town one can see alluring titles about the red men, and the whites who came adventuring among them in the wild early days of the West. Frank B. Linderman has given us fine books in "American," and "Old Man Coyote." Stewart Edward White has given us "The Long Rifle," and other writers have made creditable contributions. But no better book will ever be written about the old West than Francis Parkman's "Oregon Trail."

In 1846 Parkman was twenty-three years old and just out of Harvard College. His health which had never been good, was fast failing him, and he was forced to abandon his research studies in American history in order to take a rest. His plan of recuperation would have shocked anyone else to death. He decided to go westward on the Oregon Trail and live with the Indians for a season. We Mormons, who have been accustomed to hearing the tales of hardship endured by our grandfathers on that trail, know what he went through. But Parkman had an ulterior motive in his rest-cure. For several years he had lived with the idea of writing the history of the French and Indian Wars. Such a history would involve much knowledge of the forest and the broader concept of writing the history of the American Forest had gradually taken hold of the young man's imagination. When a breakdown made library study no longer possible, he resolved to go West where he could find Indians whose culture was practically identical with that of the Indians who had inhabited the forests of the East during the early American wars. Consequently he set out up the Missouri River in the spring of 1846 accompanied by his cousin and a fine young French-Canadian guide.

The descriptions of the life on the prairie, the great storms, the difficult travel, the herds of buffalo, the nomadic Indian bands are all great literature. No other writer has captured the spirit of primitive America so successfully. Every page bristles with detail and yet the details are combined in such a way as to give big impressions and create atmosphere.

At Fort Laramie Parkman joined the Whirlwind's band of Ogillalah Sioux and followed the savages throughout their summer wanderings, up through the terrible Black Hills and back again, ever hoping for an opportunity to go on the war-path with them. They never went to war, but Parkman filled his pages with fascinating pictures of Indian daily life. The many stories of Indian cunning and bravery, which occur incidentally are enough to satisfy the heart of any boy reader. But there are also passages which reveal the nobility of Indian character and give balance to the narrative. I quote what is perhaps the

(*Continued on page 566*)

Prairie Stars

Mrs. Pearl Riggs Crouch

WHEN sunset torches light the stars
Over the prairie wide,
Cares of the day are swept away
On twilight's purpling tide.

A myriad twinkling, merry eyes
Smile back when I lift my own,
And overtones of beauty sing
By lilting dusk-winds blown.

Though weary days may stretch their length
Over the lonely plain,
Always my heart grows strong and gay
When stars are lit again!

Night on Timpanogos

By Andrew M. Anderson

VENERABLE mountain, glorious in moonlight;
I am heeding your urge
And letting your spirit lead me upward.

You have invited me to be your guest
At night. Your gentle winds have whispered
Of banquets of rare beauty, spread in your halls
Of immense spaces.

Onward with me moves the sky
Above the silver mysteries of the aspen trail.

Incense carried by a timid breeze
Is borne from fields of sainted columbine.

The moon, curved like the petal of a flower,
Hides for an instant, while a tinted rain-cloud
Cools my brow.

Thin echoes of innumerable water falls,
Dropping into shafts of shadow, enchant the silences.

Great cirques, stand back politely, and let the stars
Steal modest glimpses into your hidden lakes,
Fringed with lacy borders of eternal snow.

Your Alpine glacier stretches to the moon,
A ghostly sheet spread by some ancient Norn mother,
And freshly washed by showers and starched by midnight frosts.

Upon your heights—
Snows of the glacier blend with mists of air
Suspending me in space.

Here so near the stars
That I could reach up with my hands and brush them by—
Here in ultimate peace—supreme beauty—
I feel akin to God.

New York Churchyard

By John G. Whidding

HERE, where towering marts of trade
Loud to the heavens cry,
Wayfarers find worn tombstones laid
Where numbered hundreds lie.

Dust that is dust to dust returns.
Death, the enduring fact,
Conquers all life, entreaties spurns,
And late or soon shall act.

Here the released, and here the serf,
Lost in his fevered thought,
Heedlessly passes stone-strewn turf,
Dreaming of plans ill-wrought.

Cycles persist, and time gives way—
Earth is a fleeting dream.
Heaven is nearer, day by day—
Life is a seaward stream.

Mortals who toiled lie here at rest
Deep in the chambered ground,
Waiting the Day when God shall test
Their worth, at trumpet sound.

Ye who upon these markers chance,
Pause, and remember ye
Holiest words as years advance:
"Cross-bearers, follow Me."

Toil as ye may, Death covers all—
Fame is an earthly prize.
Monuments crumble; tablets fall
Beneath eternal skies.

Longing

By Clara Peterson

IF I could see your smile once more,
And feel the pressure of your hand,
And read a message in your eyes,
Just these two words—"I understand,"
I'd know that life is still worth while,
That I can fight this battle through,
Because one still has faith in me,
Because that one who cares is you.

But no, you cannot come to me,
Until I've fought my fight and won.
The things that you would have me do
Too often have remained undone.
But I will fight courageously
And hope some day to take your hand,
And read approval in your eyes,
And hear you say—"I understand."

Prairie Yearning

By Mrs. Pearl Riggs Crouch

OH, for a tree when my heart yearns out
Over the reaching dry-land plain!
The muted symphony of leaves
The croon of nesting birds again!

A tree, whose gracious, spreading boughs
Give dewy shade from the noonday sun!
A tree to chant a vesper hymn
When the dragging prairie day is done!

Only a leafy, swaying tree
In the silver slant of summer rain . .
My heart would sing with a thousand hopes
Here on the reaching, wind-swept plain!

Reincarnated

By Ardyth Kennelly

SHE has borne tall silver vases
On her head, and her arms were ivory.
She has sung in gardens, and her mouth
Was a red flower in the dusk.
She has danced, and her feet were
Two white doves in the sand.
Her body was a white thing—a poem
Of whiteness like a lily . . .
She has had love flung about her
Like a cloak of peacock feathers.
She has lain still in the dark
With candles at her head and feet.

Today she bought some yellow dye
For her bedroom curtains.
Today she priced Russian pottery
And searched through a cookbook
For a new recipe for fruit cake.
Today she washed her hair
And dried it in the sun.

Tribute

By Merling D. Clyde

OH, Pioneers, in all you found to do
You builded better than you knew;
For guided by the Architect supreme
The desert lands became a golden dream.
You started churches, schools, and tilled the soil,
Each disappointing year but challenge to your toil.
With spirit that undaunted saw afar,
With faith in God an ever guiding star,
This empire that you founded yields
A monument to all your high ideals.

Your parentage, your teachings so divine
Became this heritage of mine.
Entrusted now to me I only ask
That I prove worthy of this sacred task
To carry on, with eager, faithful hands,
Oh, Mother, Father, of these western lands;
And if the world shall find my standards true,
In humbleness all grace I give to you.

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

The Speed of Religious Songs

By EDWARD P. KIMBALL

SPEED, or tempo, has much to do with expression in song. While it is very important in solo singing, it is not so difficult to regulate there, because performance is a matter of individual taste; whereas in group performance, especially in groups made up of differing ages and ability and experience, such as a church congregation, it should be a matter of careful consideration because of so many influences which may work upon it.

Latter-day Saint congregations are generally heterogeneous groups, made up of persons descending from many tongues, cultures and traditions. Especially among the older members may be found men and women who have worshiped in the churches of other lands, and naturally these lean toward singing as they were taught while growing up. Then there is the vigorous, youthful part of the congregation who have no standards or traditions beyond their limited experience in the ward community. Successful congregational singing must take these conditions into consideration, because the degree of speed in congregational sing ing is most important, and speed is affected by this varying character of our Church membership.

Correctly speaking, tempo is determined in a hymn by the content of the poem. That is more easily said than realized. No two persons feel emotion in the same degree, and neither will they interpret a poem alike. The experienced leader has found that there is a tempo inherent in each hymn, and this tempo is the correct one. But how is this natural tempo to be discovered? We may answer, By studying everything about the song, to determine the true meaning of the words, first of all, and by practicing it in its different conceptions. There can be no denying the fact that *in our congregations the tendency is to sing too fast.* Many of our presiding brethren, especially those who have had experience in the worship of foreign churches, are continually complaining about the undue speed often used in our congregational songs.

No doubt the frequent use we make of music in all kinds of activity, directed in many instances by the same persons, is one cause for this extreme. In the organizations of the children and the young men and women, the type of music used, especially songs, is of a character quite generally opposed to the character of our worship songs. Especially the recreation songs and those of gladness which youth so loves to sing are lively, both in content and performance. When these songs are directed by the same persons who direct the congregational songs in the Sacrament meeting, it is not always evident that the leader gives much thought to any difference in either the character of the songs or the occasion. The impression seems to prevail that a song must be taken at a lively speed in order to be sung with spirit.

Those leaders who direct all the singing in a ward would do well to think about this proposition. Would there be no difference in the singing of "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," and "Gladly meeting?" They are both songs of gladness, but is there not a difference in content which would compel two kinds of expression?

In the "Latter-day Saint Hymns," which is now quite generally used by the Church, the chorister is given direct suggestion as to speed in every hymn. At the beginning of each song will be found figures like this. (♩ = 80). This is called the metronome sign. It means that if the little weight on the metronome is set at eighty the machine will tick one tick for each quarter note; or in other words, it means eighty quarter notes to the minute, as the mechanism of the metronome is so regulated. Of course the chorister will not always have access to a metronome, but he can figure approximately the speed indicated if he will remember that a column of men marching briskly in parade, as for example, the U. S. army, steps at the rate of 120 quarter notes per minute. In the hymn book these metronome marks were given by the composers themselves wherever these were obtainable; and where it was not possible to secure them from the composer, principally because they no longer lived, they were determined by the Church Music Committee members who had long years of experience and, in many instances, had directed or sung the songs in company with the composers, thus knowing what they desired relative to their composition. While these marks are not ironclad, the director will do well to observe them quite closely.

There are some things which may cause variation in the speed indicated. One is the size of the group and the building. A congregation in the Tabernacle cannot be moved with the same facility as one in a small ward house. The most reasonable variety will be in the direction of slowing the tempo—rarely in increasing the speed. The main reason why some persons like to sing fast is because they have always done it that way. Certainly the composer knows better than anyone else how fast his hymn should be taken.

The Lord has declared to Latter-day Saints that the songs of the righteous are a prayer unto Him, and that He will answer them with blessings on their heads. If our song is to be a prayer it must be first of all spoken with full realization of what the poem says; song is merely glorified speech, and speaking and understanding are the first requisites in singing, and especially in singing that is done in the service of God. If leaders will come to realize this truth they will not have much difficulty in establishing correct speed in the hymns, and the criticism so frequent and justly directed at singing that is too rapid will be less and less justified.

Old Glory Wave On

By Grace Jacobsen

OLD Glory wave on
Over our own troubled land;
Speak thy message of courage anew.
From mountain and plain
We hail thee again,
Loyal and faithful to you.

Old Glory wave on
Keep our hearts firm and true;
Lifted up from the storm and the strife.
Give us hope to press on
Through the strife and the storm,
For peace and the blessings of life.

Old Glory wave on
Spread thy folds to the breeze;
Brood over Columbia's domain.
Let freedom and right
Triumph in their might,
And claim our allegiance again.

Aaronic Priesthood

Aaronic Priesthood Shows Phenomenal Gains

Correlation and Supervisors Campaigns Bring Excellent Results

ONE of the most gratifying reports to be issued from the Presiding Bishop's Office in a long time is the report of attendance at Aaronic Priesthood at quorum meetings during the month of May. So unusual were the gains made over the corresponding month of 1931 that a special bulletin was issued in appreciation and commendation to stake and ward officers who were responsible for the splendid results indicated in the report. The reports show that in May of 1931 the average attendance of Aaronic Priesthood members at their quorum meetings was 20%. In May of 1932 it was 24%. This represents a gain of 25%. In terms of members it means that 2800 more young men throughout the Church attended their quorum meetings in May of this year than in May of 1931.

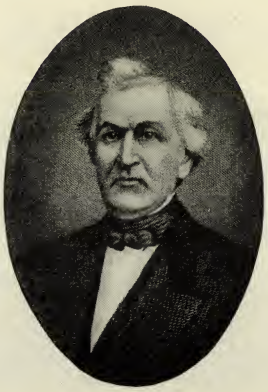
The special bulletin issued by the Presiding Bishop's Office contains the following detailed information:

Six Stakes showed a gain of 100% or more over May, 1931—Morgan, North Sanpete, Panguitch, Parowan, Portneuf and Wayne. Three stakes gained 75% or more—Bear River, Box Elder and Idaho. Four gained 50% or more—Benson, East Jordan, Tintic and Tooele. Sixty-eight stakes made some gain. This response to the program of increased activity of the Aaronic Priesthood, especially in the summer months is appreciated.

The following stakes had the same attendance as in May of last year: Beaver 19, Cache 30, Deseret 26, Granite 36, Moroni 9, Oquirrh 17, Palmyra 23, San Luis 20, Timpanogos 26, Twin Falls 19. Only 31 stakes showed losses. Some of these, unfortunately, were rather serious. We hope to see all stakes make gains for June.

The following figures show the gains made:

	1931	1932
Bear Lake	24	25
Bear River	15	28
Benson	17	24
Blackfoot	10	12
Blaine	24	25
Box Elder	13	23
Burley	17	21
Curlew	8	11
Duchesne	12	16
East Jordan	19	31
Ensign	18	20
Franklin	26	28
Grant	29	30
Gunnison	12	14
Hollywood	36	37
Hyrum	8	11
Idaho	16	27
Idaho Falls	21	23
Kanab	10	11
Kolob	16	22
Lehi	23	25
Liberty	29	30
Logan	20	23
Los Angeles	30	36
Lyman	15	18
Malad	20	24
Millard	17	19
Montpelier	16	21
Morgan	9	25
Mount Ogden	25	29
Nebo	20	22
North Davis	21	28
North Sanpete	7	15
North Sevier	11	15
North Weber	19	27
Ogden	27	31
Oneida	34	36
Panguitch	8	16
Parowan	5	11
Pocatello	19	30
Portneuf	8	18
Roosevelt	8	12
St. George	15	21
St. Joseph	27	33
San Juan	19	21
Sharon	19	25
Snowflake	20	21
South Davis	29	30
South Sanpete	11	17
South Sevier	17	21
Star Valley	24	30
Summit	15	18
Tintic	8	13
Tooele	7	11
Uintah	16	19
Utah	22	25
Wayne	7	15
Weber	19	26
Zion Park	15	25



David Whitmer

Sixteen Stakes Stay in 30% Group in May

THE chart printed in the Aaronic Priesthood department of the *Improvement Era* for January indicated the serious decrease in attendance at Aaronic Priesthood meetings with the coming of the spring and summer months of previous years. In an effort to prevent this decline in activity the Presiding Bishopric has carried on a campaign for the past five years, urging stake and ward officers to use every possible means to keep young men of the Priesthood interested. The list of stakes showing attendance of 30% or better during May contains sixteen names which is unusual for that month. It reflects the improvement in Aaronic Priesthood activity throughout the entire Church. The stakes showing attendance of 30% or more during May and the percentage of attendance are Alberta 40%, Hollywood 37%, Los Angeles 36%, Oneida 36%, Granite 36%, Juarez 34%, St. Joseph 33%, Taylor 32%, Ogden 31%, East Jordan 31%, Star Valley 30%, Cache 30%, Grant 30%, Liberty 30%, South Davis 30%, Pocatello 30%.

With the Aaronic Priesthood supervision plan suggested by the Presiding Bishopric being made effective throughout the Church and Correlation Committees beginning operations in an efficient manner it is hoped that the time is not far distant when no stake will have less than 30% average attendance and many stakes will reach the 50% class.

Quiz for Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors

"True-false" test of knowledge of principles of leadership. Arranged by H. Eugene Hughes of Palmyra Stake for use at meetings of Stake and Ward Supervisors of Aaronic Priesthood in that Stake.

(Mark *OK* for true and *X* for false statements):

OK—There is no more important work now before us in the Church than that of directing and supervising the energies of the boys of today, who are to become the future leaders.

OK—We need not be brilliant to reach boys and lead them on, but we must have an understanding heart.

X—A man that uses tobacco and bad language makes a good supervisor providing the boys have a liking for him.

X—We do not have to use effort to make the Priesthood popular: it will take care of itself.

OK—We should give personal contact to every boy in our particular division and follow him through Sunday School, Priesthood, and the M. I. A. activities.

OK—The auxiliaries of the Church were instituted for the purpose of training boys and bringing them into active service in the Priesthood.

OK—Missionary service is the keynote to the success of the work: through it the supervisor gives personal contact to the boy in his home, gives encouragement and solicits cooperation of the parents.

X—A good supervisor will attend to all the business of the meeting, make assignments, take the minutes, and give the lesson.

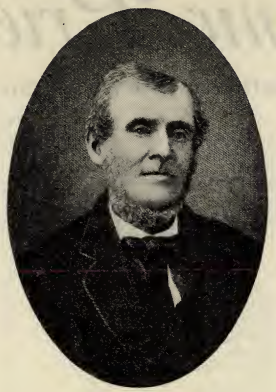
X—A supervisor's time is so taken up with giving instruction to the boys that he can't attend to a weekly committee meeting.

OK—The supervisors of priests and teachers can help very much in carrying on a successful ward teaching campaign.

OK—We must encourage a fraternal feeling in the quorum if we expect to build up quorum identity and strengthen the bond of brotherly love.

X—It isn't necessary to arrange hikes, outings, and socials, because boys do not like this kind of recreation.

X—We need not explain the Priesthood and the purpose of the Priesthood to a prospective candidate.



Martin Harris

X—Supervisors have no right to make recommendations to the Bishopric pertaining to changes in leadership in quorums, advancements, and assignments.

X—The Stake Clerk can make his reports to the Presiding Bishopric, so it isn't necessary for him to have a report monthly from the Stake Aaronic Priesthood committee. The Stake Secretary can make out his report without any reports coming in from ward committees as they have contact with every boy in the stake and know just what they are doing.

OK—The program of a quorum meeting should be short and varied, objectives should be set up and part of time given in planning the future of the quorum.

OK—A wise supervisor will consult the boys on what they would like to put over as a project as boys like to help plan their objectives.

OK—Noise with boys is natural energy and should be directed into right channels through a program of action.

X—It isn't necessary to use the lesson outlines recommended by the Presiding Bishopric because anything that will amuse boys is better than an organized plan of instruction.

OK—Actions can be guided into constructive learning, so through our instruction of lessons we should strive to get a response from the boys to the faith-promoting incidents connected with the lesson, or their own lives.

OK—Boys should depend upon the spirit of the Lord to give them vision, understanding, and the right attitude toward life and its responsibilities, so encourage them to pray, as prayer clears the channel so that the spirit can flow in.

OK—Spirituality is the vital force connected with Priesthood training, so we need spiritual-minded men for instructors and supervisors.

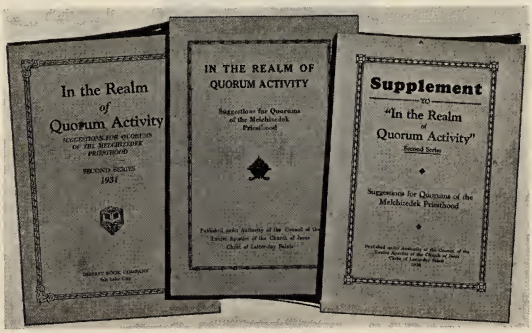
OK—A supervisor should have faith, should have love for the boy and his problems, should not be afraid of work and a few necessary business meetings.

Books for the Melchizedek Priesthood Workers

THE three booklets shown here constitute the kit for the workers in the Elders', Seventies', and High Priests' Quorums of the Church. All of them may be had from the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah. Mail orders will be filled promptly. Price 10c each.

The books are, "In the Realm of Quorum Activity," "In the Realm of Quorum Activity," series two, and "Supplement to 'In the Realm of Quorum Activity.'" The last named book is just off the press.

Material from the "Supplement" was run in issues of the *Improvement Era*, but as soon as the book became available in printed form, the publication of extracts on this page was discontinued. From now on material which will assist ward leaders and committees with their work will be available on this page. In addition there will be notes from the field showing what various committees throughout the Church are doing, in order that other committees may obtain useful ideas regarding methods of service.



Ward leaders, presidents of the various quorums, committee chairmen and members, and all others who can afford these three books should have them in their possession. They contain outlines which will aid greatly in carrying on the work of the quorums.

MUTUAL MESSAGES

Executive Department

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.
RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
General Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

Sunday Evening Joint Session for August

General Theme—Pioneering of Yesterday.

1. Singing—"Come, Come Ye Saints."

2. Prayer—By a Pioneer.

3. Solo, duet, or quartet—"What Shall the Harvest Be," "Unanswered Yet," "Cast Your Bread Upon the Waters," or some similar hymn.

4. The Slogan.

5. Solo or duet—"When You and I Were Young, Maggie," or a similar, suitable song.

6. Twelve Minute Talk—"Pioneering in My Community," by a pioneer of the ward. (If a pioneer who can make an interesting talk is not available, then a mutual man or woman could interview the pioneers and give the talk.)

- a. The first house.
- b. The early mail system.
- c. The first bishop and place of meeting.
- d. The first school and school teacher.
- e. The first organ or piano.
- f. How roads, bridges, canals were financed and built.
- g. Methods of paying tithing, fast offering, and ward maintenance.
- h. The method and time of fasting, etc., etc.
- i. Early day ward reunions, spirit of the home, and helpfulness.

7. Solo, duet, or quartette with the congregation singing the chorus—"Hard Times, Come Again No More."

8. Reading—"The First Settler's Story," "Pioneers, O, Pioneers," or a similar reading.

9. Twelve minute talk or less—"Tribute to all Pioneers of Yesterday."

10. Singing—'Doxology."

Rexburg First Ward M. I. A. Chorus

THE Rexburg First Ward M. I. A. Chorus has completed its second season as a musical organization. It has a membership of approximately one hundred and thirty people, the youngest being 13 years of age. All of the members are bona fide members of the M. I. A. of the ward, the chorus including about 18½% of the total ward membership, and about one-fourth of the ward members of M. I. A. age. Concerts have been given to raise funds to purchase music, and the idea that everyone who wants to sing can sing is the underlying philosophy of the organization. Individuals who have never sung in a group before have joined and become important and valuable additions to the chorus. Lewis A. Lee, the director who has been tireless in effecting the organization and training the singers, has several points which he considers vital to the success of such an undertaking. Thorough preparation by both conductor and accompanist, punctuality and dependability at rehearsals, proper discipline in which the director is the final authority, variation of study material, impartiality of director, determination to allow no envy, jealousy or pettiness, loyalty to presiding officers and the organization which the chorus represents all are among the factors noted. To this man is due a great deal of credit, for through his unceasing and unselfish efforts he has brought into existence one of the largest and finest mixed choruses in the M. I. A.

Western States Mission

THE Denver Branch Mutual Improvement Association Drama season's activities had a fitting close with a fine production of one of the contest plays "In The Secret Places."

It was done so well, costumed so appropriately and staged so accurately that it was decided to enter the group in the 8th State Little Theater Tournament sponsored by the Denver Community Players held at the Woman's Club Auditorium for four nights, and participated in by fifteen groups from

Mixed Chorus—Directed by Lewis A. Lee
Rexburg First Ward, Fremont Stake

different cities in Colorado including several groups from Denver.

Our group won second prize among the church contestants, and Sister Thelma Weight, one of the cast, won first prize for diction for women for the whole tournament.

Mrs. John L. Herrick had charge of the Drama Department during the season and directed the play for the tournament. Lester J. Herrick designed the set and assisted in the production.

M. I. A. Report of Accomplishments during April, 1932

Stake	No. of Wards	No. Reporting Y. M.	No. Reporting Y. L.	Wards whose avg. attend. is 2/3 or more of their enrollment Y. M.	Wards whose avg. attend. is 2/3 or more Y. L.	No. Wards completing class discussions and activities to date Y. M.	No. Wards completing Y. L.	No. of people in Stake having reached "A" Standard and received recognition at the Ward Honor Days: Drama	Dancing	Music	Public Speaking	Story Telling	No. of Wards having received recognition at Stake Honor Day for reaching the requirements in: Drama	Dancing	Music	Public Speak. Y. M.	Public Speak. Y. L.	Story Telling Y. M.	Story Telling Y. L.	No. girls in Stake having "My Story" Book	No. Wards having success with Van. Project	No. of Reading Course Books Read in Stake: Life of Brigham Young	Medical Aspects of the W. of W.	People and Music	With Malice Toward None	Singing in the Rain	Larry	Modern Pioneers	Sun. session for April	Era program
Alberta																M.	G.	V.	G.											
Alpine	6		6		5		6	77	47	34	46	12	5	4		2	5		5	14									6	5
Bear Lake	11		7		4		7	66	12	74	17	27	3	2	3		2		4	17		9	18	1	8	34	45	3	5	5
Bear River	12	10	12	1	8	7	10	45	26	44	10	17	3	6	3	4	2		7	33		30	11	7	11	50	64	11	11	11
Benson	14	8	12	4	4	12	10	63	67	93	20	13								48		37	15	7	3	66	87	18	7	6
Beaver	5		4		1		4	30	24	30	9	6	1	2	2	1	1		2	26		16	12	12	15	20	35	8		4
Blackfoot	14		4		3		3	31			14	11	4	1	3		1		3	8							4		4	4
Blaine	7		1				1	9		9	4	4	1		1	1	1	1	1										1	1
Boise	10		6		2		4	14	11	18	12	9										6	2	1		4	10		6	5
Boxelder	13		13		12		13	75	32	68	39	51	7	6	6		7		10	52		30	12	9	14	30	70	10	9	
Cache	8	6	4	2	2	5	4	45	16	24	6	7	3	2	1		1		1	16		24	15	10	14	38	25	13	4	4
Cassia	5		4		2															8									3	3
Cottonwood	10		10		1		10	55	12	65	5	23	5	3	2		4		8	41		9	8	31	2	74	91		10	5
Deseret	12		9		6		7	25	16	14	13	14	4	5	1	6	6	2	7	10		18	13	3	9	76	108	3	9	8
East Jordan	11		11		9		9	90	40	217	20	19	4	6	5		4		5	61		11	13	9	26	68	59	11	8	6
Emery	9		5		2		5	15	4	39	5	5	1	2	3	1	1	1	1	9		8	28	2	5	63	28	3	5	5
Ensign	8	8	8	4	2	7	8	126	30	165	25	29	6	4	6		3		4	45		27	30	4	6	79	113	2	8	7
Franklin	11		9		4		9	147	30	9	18	14	5	7	1	5	6		6	25						25	21		9	9
Fremont	14		13		7		11	79	39	143	26	34	12	7	8	3	4	1	6	37		17	11	5	39	69	124	21	13	11
Garfield	8		6		2		5	59	25	29	13	10	4	5	2		4		4	14		4	5	1	6	25	28	4	8	8
Granite	10		10		4		8	76	27	300	54	22	6	9	8		9		9	80		46	15	6	10	68	68	14	10	3
Grant	14		14		11		11	130	30	141	21	17								93		18	10	7	5	68	83	8	14	6
Hollywood	14	6	12	4	4	4	10	24	4	22	14	6	2	1	2		1		2	12		27	14	8		54	56		12	11
Hyrum	10	5		2		1		10	22	32	8	5	2	5	3	2	8	1	5										5	5
Idaho Falls	13		13		4		8	76	114	100	29	33	4	8	3		4		8	36		11	7		4	43	69	5	10	9
Kanab	7		6		2		4	5	16		3	8	1	2	1	1	2		3	29			4			8	9		4	3
Kolob	5	2	5		3	2	3	25	29	31	6	17	2	2	3		2		2	23		5		2	5	23	49		5	
Lethbridge	9	5		4		3		34	54	21	15	14	3	3	1	5	5	2	4	2									5	5
Logan	11	10		3		10		23	37	39	28	9	3	10	2	6	4	3	3	1		12		1	17	33	24	16	10	9
Los Angeles	11	9	11	4	6	7	9	39	18	73	11	15	2	4	4	2	2	1	2	36		25	16	7		79	55		11	11
Lost River	6		2		2		2	14	6	7		1	3	1	1		1		4			6	16	3	7	6	17	2	2	2
Lyman	7		4		1		3	23	2	16	4	6	2	2	1		1		1	3		5	12		18	13	39		4	4
Malad	9		9		6		5	26	15	22	8	11	2	3	2	1	4	2	3	29				4	12	36	73	6	7	7
Millard	6		5		4		5						3	3	5	3	5		5	21		6	2		9	4	17	2	5	5
Minidoka	8	3	5		1	1	2		6		1	4	1	2		1	2		2	14			3		5	5	30		4	4
Moapa	9	5	5		2	2	4	18	20	10	4	7	2	5	1	2	2		4	8		22	25	6	20	27	41	18	5	5
Montpelier	13		6		2		5	20	2				2	1						3		30	6	6	6	34	32	6		
Moroni	5		5		3		5	41	24	38	7	4	1	3	3		3		3	10		5				21	45		4	4
Mt. Ogden	8	3		1		3		5	8	32	1	1	1	2	2														3	2
Nebo	9		9		4		6	58	28	37	25	14	6	7	3	7	6	2	7	86		2	23	1	6	90	74	7	9	6
Nevada	7		5		4		3	5	4	7			1	1	1											1	1		5	4
North Sanpete	5		5		3		5	20	15	25	11	9	3	4	1		4		4	32		37	36	8	29	57	83	47	3	3
North Sevier	4		4		1		3	34	3	42	3	9	1	1	1		1		1	7			14			43	40		4	4
North Weber	14		8		3		7	39	5		6	5	4	3			2		3	10		3		1	1	18	23	1	7	5
Oneida	11	7	8	3	4	4	4	52	14	24	10	22	9	7	3		8		7	24		7	5			48	55		6	6
Oquirrh	6	4	6	2	5	3	5	30	26	12	7	12	2	3	1	1	2	2	2	58		26				80	92	5	6	4
Palmyra	9		8		6		7	49	12	65	4	16	5	3	3	2	3		4	54		7				16	39			
Panguitch	6		4		2		4	11	12	26	5	9	2	2	2		3		3	15			7		2	33	34		4	4
Parowan																M.	G.	V.	G.											
Pioneer	11		8		4		8	39	30	64	10	11	5	6	4		4		5	36		20	18	7	37	37	52	4	8	6
Pocatello	10	6	9	4	1	9	6	62	34	89	24	23	7	9	5		8		6	44		25	54	10	13	85	78	8	9	9
Raft River	6	6	4	2	1	5		9	8	17	2	2								4		4	11	1	9	15	18		4	4
Rigby	13		9		4		8	21	8	18	2	7	3	1	2		1		1	44									9	9
St. Johns	6	3	6	1	1	2	1	20	16	31	2	4	2	1	2		2		2	19		5	12	12	2	14	25	3	5	4
Salt Lake	13	7	13	2	6	6	12	127	32	175	47	29	8	7	10	12	7	4	10	77		62	21	2	5	91	112		13	8
San Francisco	10		10		4		9	54	13	44	10	7	7	5	6		3		4	17		23	2	4	17	24	26	11	10	10
San Luis	4		3				2	28	14	34	4	8	2	2	3	1	2		2			12				1	1		3	3
Sharon	7		4		3		3	22	14	12	9	7	4	6	2	1	4		1			13	10	4	8	9	16	6	4	3
Shelley	9		9		2		7	78	24	10	9	2	2	2		2	3		3	46			7			14	20		9	8
Snowflake	10		5		2		5			150			5	4	5		3		4	25		2	1			5	36		6	6
South Davis	8		7		6		7	120	31	65	6	21	3	6	6		2		6	26		15	25	2	6	68	59	10	7	5
South Sanpete	7	6		2		3							4	6	6		1		7			3	1						6	6
South Sevier	8		6		5		6	21	16	46	7	4	3	2	2	3	3		2	25		14	19	81	18	44	61	27	7	6
Star Valley	11		8		6		5	18	15	59	13	11	5	6	5		5		4	21		14	5	5	19	25	22		8	8
Tooele	10		4		1		3	12	10	16	3	4	2	2	1		2	2	2	16					6	2	44			
Twin Falls	4		2				1	5	2		1	1								1									2	2
Uintah	10	4	8		4	2	7	49	36	36	19	15	7	7	7	7	5	7	6	45		24	9	3		25	42	30	7	7
Utah	9		9		2		9	70	35	92	32	47	5	5	3		3		5	43		12	44	10	5	129	109	5	9	7
Wasatch	9	8	9	1	4	5	8	17	57	9	15	9		4					1	53		20	35	2	4	70	80	2	8	8
Yellowstone	10	8	9	2	4	7	6	81	30	127	13	14	5	3	3	1	4	1	2	24		16	10	2	4	34	30			
California Mission	42	13	30	6	12	13	22	115	88	119	42	40	7	6	6	4	5		2	54		171	125	56	102	148	199	90	29	27
Canadian Mission	8		7		6		2															1			1	1	6			
Northwestern	22		14		8		13	64	40	55	22	21	6	7	5	3	4			24		43	68	9	56	82	94	25	12	12
North Central	8		3		1		1																3		1	1	5		3	1
Totals			509		250		405	2,898	1,416	3,341	844	839	223	230	169	76	187	26	221	1,791		1,035	887	373	610	2,520	3,167	449	439	370

It is rather encouraging to study the above report and note the accomplishments of M. I. A. in some of the activities during the past year. This report includes sixty-three stakes and four missions reporting, representing 509 wards and branches. We ask for the number of people having reached "A" Standard and received recognition at the Ward Honor Days. You will note the totals given in the various activities. For example, 2,898 participated and reached "A" Standard in drama; 3, 341 in music, etc. We are particularly pleased with the number of reading course books read during the M. I. A. season by our membership. The Life of Brigham Young, Singing in the Rain and Larry seem to have been the most popular—1035, 2520 and 2167 respectively having been read. This report, of course, gives only a small part of the many fine things accomplished by the Stakes and Missions reporting. We appreciate the splendid work and loyal support of our officers and members throughout the Church and congratulate you upon your wonderful accomplishments.

George Washington

Continued from page 520

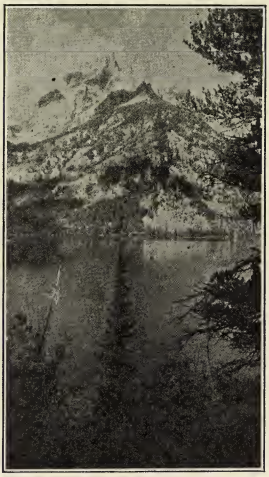
Washington Biographies

SINCE W. L. Weems, self-styled "former Rector of Mount Vernon Parish" (there was no such parish) sat down to write a "best seller" on Washington, men have busied themselves each year publishing to the world facts or fancies concerning Washington's days upon this earth. The Weems book appeared in 1800 and has since reappeared in nearly a hundred editions. Various editions, after about the eighth, were "greatly improved" and "embellished." The improvement no doubt was the addition of anecdotes and stories which, according to the author, were "Too valuable to be lost and too true to be doubted," stories "communicated" to him by some "excellent lady." The most famous of these anecdote-legends is the cherry tree-hatchet story. A story which, discarded as fact, clings on with great vitality as a supposed incident in the young life of our country's father. Parson Weems also had ideas of his own about the illustrations which "embellished" the later editions of his book. He suggested, for instance, that the illustrator when drawing battle scenes give the soldiers a bit more fierceness of countenance and show the colonial troops in scenes of victory rather than in retreat. "Quick and clean" sales of his book seem to have interested the parson a great deal more than accuracy of record. His own confession about the sale of books reminds one of a modern bookseller's lamentation. Weems writes to his printer that "there is nothing I so dread as dead stock, dull sales" while as he put it, "quick and clean sales" meant "heavy pockets, and light hearts." Nothing, therefore, was too good to go into the biography. The dream of George's mother "which an excellent old Lady of Fredericksburg assured" him she had often heard related by George's mother, Mary Ball Washington, as well as the hatchet story were among those "improvements too valuable to be lost," although to the modern reader perhaps not "too true to be doubted."

But in spite of the fiction discovered in the story-telling clergyman's little book and in spite of the approximately one thousand other biographies of Washington that have appeared since the first edition of Weems, his still fascinates the reader with its style and its stories. Indeed, it is for Americans one of the most interesting of literary curiosities.

EVERY biographer must take a point of view. Weems represents an extreme and a comparison of his title page with that of a modern biography at the other extreme is interesting. Weems gives not only a title but a eulogy: "The Life of George Washington, with Curious Anecdotes, equally honorable to himself and exemplary to his young countrymen,—A life how useful to his country led! How loved! while living! how revered! now dead! Lisp! lisp! his name, ye children yet unborn! And with like deeds your own great names adorn," etc., etc., and "he turns all the actions of Washington to the encouragement of virtue, by a careful application of numerous exemplifications drawn from the conduct of the founder of our republic from his earliest life." The modern title page says little but, supported by a statement on the book jacket, implies much—"George Washington, the Image and the Man," "from this book there emerges a figure that the reader is bound to feel is the real George Washington, at last, freed of the glamorous fiction with which romantic historians have invested him."

During the past two or three decades, since muckraking became the fashion in biography, authors have cared or dared go after George Washington with muck rake in hand. Of the hundreds of writers who have taken Washington as a theme, beginning with and even before the voluminous work of John Marshall, practically all assumed the idealistic and eulogistic point of view and wrote biographies "exemplary to his young countrymen." The eulogist had few obstacles for precious little has been discovered in the details of Washington's life, private or public, that need to be gilded or overlooked to avoid clouding the perfect portrait of a great man. By the same token the muckraker must strain himself somewhat to put down in uncontestable print something provocative or shocking about the weaknesses of the first president. Immoderate eulogists in certain instances have spread their praises so thick as to make Washington seem a prig, which he was not, and thereby have greatly bored us and even cloyed our estimate of him. On the other hand, those who vilify the reputation of a noble man may arouse our resentment, shock our sensibilities or even stir our wrath. Neither extreme satisfies us. But both have served a useful purpose in that they have stimulated seasoned and fair-minded scholars to write something reliable. For the life of



Lake Mary

(Brighton, Utah)

By Gladys Ann Wagstaff

POISED like a jewel in a crown of pines
Worn on the brow of earth,
Emerald-green beneath noon-day sun,
Rose-gray at the day's chill birth.

Calm, when the moon leaps up from the crags
To the sky's starlit pathway, shimmering,
Touching with wave lips the shadowy forms
Of the mirrored pines' silvered glimmering;

But reaching out for the sheltering shore
When the wild-winged things at the morn
Cry challenge—and small things hide away,
And wave-lips from pine shadows are torn!

Washington all that is required is truth coupled with fairness to create in the hearts of the American people a deep gratitude and love for his devotion to a cause that gave us these United States of America. Washington, a lover of truth, would be the first to object to any account of him which valued praise more highly than truth and accuracy. We may throw out the cherry tree story as a fabrication but the realization remains that truth was one of the cornerstones of his character. Outlandish adulations are not needed; mean insinuations or implications unsupported by facts cannot detract from the sterling character of the man.

WITH all that has been written about Washington—as soldier, as engineer, as farmer, as business man, as traveler, as statesman and as president still it seems that Americans have admired him more than they have loved him. It is possibly natural that an aristocratic, wealthy gentleman of Virginia is more to be admired than loved by people who have pioneered in political and social democracy, and that Washington's traditional wealth, his aristocracy and his dignity, interpreted as coldness, have been obstacles to our unreserved affection although they have not prevented great veneration. When, therefore, recent interpreters, such as Bernard Fay (pronounced fah ee) kindle in their readers the fire of love they are contributing something new. And if the American people form their estimate of George Washington from biographers who tell of him as he was and, as Shelby Little says, not about "a great American legend" they will feel that after all "The man himself is infinitely more appealing . . . gay, witty, tender, gracious, tactful, fearless, ferocious, heroic, and, at his loftiest, sublime than the dull gray bore manufactured by stupid dullards, stogy politicians and mongers of altruisms." Even those on the defensive against becoming too sentimental will be won over by his faithfulness to a great trust and his loyalty to those who put the trust in his hands, by his generosity to fellow-officers and countrymen, his magnanimity when others recriminated, his tireless activity for his country when weariness stultified all about him; his wisdom and unexcelled patience in retreat and defeat, his modesty about his own abilities, his silence and perhaps most of all his wholehearted love for the land of America and his faith in the ultimate success of her struggle for liberty.

WHEN one considers the state of affairs in the Colonies during all the years of the Revolution—the lack of coordination among provinces, the indecision and vagueness as to just what they would have if they could, the lack of training for warfare, the scantiness of wherewith to carry on a war, the absence of tradition and precedent to fall back on in repeated crises, the amazing instability of the army and the futility of any attempt to discipline farmers as soldiers might be disciplined, the persistent temptation to yield and thus avoid terrific sacrifices, the absence of material reward for unheard of hardships, the punishment of hunger and severe weather and the tremendous inequality of the contestants—when one considers these conditions he becomes assured in his own mind of two things—that Providence was in the background turning the tide of events time after time, and that Destiny had prepared a man fit in body, character and personality for the epochal task of establishing a republican state and setting it safely on its way. And to conclude, that "for the first time in more than fifteen centuries, the type of hero who declined supreme power and wished to command only to serve was exemplified. Silently and unhesitatingly, he succeeded in a thing which the most intrepid reformers of his day had not dared to attempt. He became one of the spiritual leaders of his country and of the world."

The Oregon Trail

Continued from page 558

most beautiful and understanding picture here:

"After advancing for some time, I conceived myself to be entirely alone; but coming to a part of the glen in a great measure free of trees and undergrowth, I saw at some distance the black head and red shoulders of an Indian among the bushes above. The reader need not prepare himself for a startling adventure, for I have none to relate. The head and shoulders belonged to Mene-Seela, my best friend in the village. As I had approached noiselessly with my moccasined feet, the old man was quite unconscious of my presence; and turning to a point where I could gain an unobstructed view of him, I saw him seated alone, immovable as a statue, among the rocks and trees. His face was turned upward, and his eyes seemed riveted on a pine-tree springing from a cleft in the precipice above. The crest of the pine was swaying to and fro in the wind, and its long limbs waved slowly up and down, as if the tree had life. Looking for a while at the old man, I was satisfied that he was engaged in an act of worship, or prayer, or communion of some kind with a supernatural being. I longed to penetrate his thoughts, but I could do nothing more than conjecture and speculate.

"I knew that though the intellect of an Indian can embrace the idea of an all-wise, all-powerful Spirit, the supreme Ruler of the universe, yet his mind will not always ascend into communion with a being that seems to him so vast, remote, and incomprehensible; and when danger threatens, when his hopes are broken, and trouble overshadows him, he is prone to turn for relief to some inferior agency, less removed from the ordinary scope of his faculties. He has a guardian spirit, on whom he relies for succor and guidance. To him all nature is instinct with mystic influence. Among those mountains not a wild beast was prowling, a bird singing, or a leaf fluttering, that might not tend to direct his destiny, or give warning of what was in store for him; and he watches the world of nature around him as the astrologer watches the stars. So closely is he linked with it that his guardian spirit, no unsubstantial creation of the fancy, is usually embodied in the form of some living thing: a bear, a wolf, an eagle, or a serpent; and Mene-Seela, as he gazed intently on the old pine-tree, might believe it to enshrine the fancied guide and protector of his life."

Whatever was passing in the old Indian's mind, Parkman did not disturb him, but withdrew quietly and returned to camp.

This classic has been published in an extremely attractive edition with lavish illustrations by Farrar and Rinehart. It appeared as a Junior Literary Guild selection for older girls last year. Trade edition $3.00.

—*Karl E. Young, B. Y. U.*

James E. Talmage

Continued from page 525

elsewhere, and doing it in an original and superior way. When the record of his life is written one of the most charming and fascinating chapters will be the one narrating the little things of his home life—things which contribute so much to the joy and satisfaction of living. There are intimate letters to his children and grand-children, on occasions such as their baptisms or birthdays accompanying some appropriate gift. These letters reveal the tender side of his nature and he has a very tender nature. The care which he has taken of his children in their infancy and in sickness is not only scientific and efficient but soulful and tender.

Forty-four years ago this June he married Mary May Booth, a daughter of Richard Thornton Booth and Elsie Edge Booth of Alpine, Utah, a most sympathetic and companionable woman of transparent honesty and of unusual intellectual capacity, who seemed to complement almost perfectly the life of her distinguished husband. That she has kept abreast of affairs and combined home-making with successful and valuable public and Church service is attested by her excellent work in the European Mission during her sojourn there with her husband, her thirty-eight years of helpful service on the General Board of Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and other similar work. This union has been blessed with eight children, seven of whom survive, all born in Salt Lake City—Sterling B., Paul B., Elsie, James K., Lucile, Helen May and John B. Talmage. It is an unusually talented family.

His love and admiration for the woman whose wisdom and companionship have meant so much to him, his affection for his children and his solicitude for their welfare, is recorded in a correspondence which, we venture, will some day be found among the most precious and delightful things he has written. We are permitted to use a letter written from Siberia nearly thirty-five years ago:

For Elsie, in Mamma's care.
Kychtym, Siberia, Russia-in-Asia.

August 16, 1897.

Elsie, My Darling Daughter:

A father's fondest greeting to you on this the first recurrence of your natal day. Such I send to you from the plains of the far East, from the Steppes of Siberia. I write in the light of the early dawn, at an hour which to you on the opposite side of the earth is the same Sabbath hour at which one short year ago, you came to gladden our hearts, and to call forth our prayers of thankfulness; the hour at which your sweet mother reached the depths of the shadowy valley known as the Valley of Death, whither she had fearlessly gone to find you, my child. But the great Father, who is your parent as He is ours, guided and guarded her through the threatening darkness, and led her along the rough path of painful recovery, until she emerged from the pain and the travail, once more a sanctified mother, with you, my Darling, an added jewel to her crown.

May the one completed year of your life be the first of many, each bringing increasing wisdom and growing goodness in the service of our God. May the blessings pronounced upon you by the power of the eternal priesthood be realized in all your life and work. May you live to be a sisterly guide to your brothers' feet, and a comfort to the mother whom God has given to you and to me. And in the Lord's due time may you be crowned an honored mother in the House of Israel. Peace, happiness and the love that knoweth naught but good, be yours, my darling and my pride.

Affectionately,
Your father.

I send you blossoms, leaves and ferns, gathered for you on the slopes of Songomak.

THIS daughter, Elsie Talmage Brandley, associate editor of this magazine, referring to him, said:

"From the earliest memory of his children James E. Talmage was a man who 'knew everything,' and could explain most of it in a way to be at least partially understood by immature minds. Questions as to what thunder is made of, where water comes from, how high the sky is and why it is blue, and numerous others of similar character were never met with a weary 'Do be quiet.' Always there was a carefully worded explanation which helped to clear up the puzzle.

"To children this was a boon. Confidence in the clear understanding of their father and his ability to make things plain to them was a strong part of the feeling which his sons and daughters held for him.

"Strange and fascinating little bugs were shown to them through a microscope, queer things from strange lands and unfamiliar parts of their own, ore in which could be seen glints of precious metals, specimens of crystals, rocks, lime formations and other unusual, though natural peculiarities, all were regular parts of the hours which this man spent with his family.

"Later the certainty that he could explain problems and make them simple carried over into fields other than the physical and geological. Questions of a more vital nature were propounded and clarified—questions of life and death, of where people came from and where they were going, of how to find the true values of life. Implicit faith in his answers helped them to take the ideas explained and weave into their adolescent philosophy. Some of these children, now grown, feel that no problem can present itself which cannot be met satisfactorily by the man who has never failed them when they needed help—their father."

THE breadth of his interests, the reach and penetration of his mind, the capacity of his memory, his matchless industry, the felicity with which he expresses himself, make him delightfully companionable any time or any place and at the same time give him an accuracy of thought and a directness of action that accounts, in part, for his prodigious accomplishments. He does more than is humanly possible for most men to do. He has been known to work all night and go to his regular task in the morning without rest or relaxation, and so his achievements are not due entirely to an imperial mind but to the determined will to work. He produced his greatest work, *Jesus the Christ*—writing all the manuscript in long hand, proof read and issued it from the press in less than a year. At the same time he carried on much of his regular work.

On September 21 next he will be seventy years of age—while presiding over the European Mission he met with an accident which injured his knee—otherwise he is in sound health, his mind keen and vigorous and working at high speed.

Dr. James E. Talmage has a superior intellect, a pure and a contrite heart, a radiant faith, a sane and lofty idealism, a clear understanding of the meaning and purposes of life. He has achieved splendidly in the world. His life reflects credit upon his name and his people and has added strength and majesty to the great Church to which he has given a consecrated allegiance.

This Bear Business

Continued from page 538

one leisurely. Jerry still walked rather guess that he was a might worried about the affair. "I'll give yuh fifty dollars if yuh can get him in three days."

JESS had driven me out to his ranch the same morning. By noon I was in the saddle and ready to go. It was not more than an hour's traveling until I came to the site of Jerry's crime, as Jerry it proved to be.

"Now yuh can see fer yerself that it has been some slaughter. There is these three that he got last night. And he's sort of a pig about it all. Only eats a little bit and then he kills another."

Jess was what you might call irritable.

"I'll do the best I can," I told him. "I know bears. But I am not much of a trapper. Used to do a little with coyotes and such. But when it comes to grizzlies * * *"

He winked one eye reassuringly and rode off at a gallop, leaving me with rather a problem on my hands. How do you capture a grizzly alive? Now if I only had some good dogs. But I had no dogs.

I set to work on an inclosure in a little hollow where a cluster of pines stood 'round like friendly onlookers. After a few hours' work with an ax my attempt began to look like a miniature log cabin. As a figure four was the only fall that I was familiar with I soon had a sliding door arrangement set precariously upon my delicately balanced four. For a while I worried about the possibility of his touching off the trap before he was well into the inclosure. So I reset my "four" upon one side after placing a good sized piece of sheep meat upon the trigger. I rested for a while looking at my handiwork, feeling somehow that I was to fail—that my work was amateurish. I racked my brains again. Night was falling. Stars were beginning to twinkle down at me humorously.

Back at the ranch house Jess smoked his pipe as if the job were already accomplished. After eating, he began to ask me questions about grizzly bears of which I could relate stories to satisfy any grown up boy. I had watched them hundreds of times in one role or another, but never as a trapper. I hated to confess my ignorance.

NERVOUSNESS is not one of my failings, but when I sallied forth to my trap the next morning I was almost trembling with fits of apprehension. Fortunately Jess was too busy to go with me. I passed his herder some three miles from the ranch—a young fellow from Idaho who was just eating his breakfast.

My trap was empty—untouched.

In three days time Jerry never came near either my trap or Jess's sheep. In many ways it was relief that was uppermost in my mind, but again I felt chagrined at being so completely lacking as an animal expert. Jess looked at me with good-humored derision in his hard, bright eyes.

I had given up in despair and was returning to West Yellowstone by way of the old Army Road. My horse, or rather a nervous gelding that I had borrowed from Jess, was behaving in a manner most exasperating. He would shy away at everything—a stone, a leaf, or an imaginary noise from the heavy pine growth on either side.

We made a turn in the road. The horse under me bounded as if a cannon had been shot off over his head. There, not ten yards away, was old Jerry ambling along as if there was nothing in the wide world to worry about. His small beady eyes blinked slowly with the friendly spirit of a comrade in arms. I could guess that he was headed back to the Park to take up his criminal way, and in all probability to get shot.

AN idea leaped into my brain. Why not rope him as one might rope a steer! To my saddle was tied an old Manila hemp rope, but it was stout. My horse was straining at the bit.

Jerry made no particular effort to elude me. He might have been performing for a crowd of tourists. My rope was out but there was no knot for my noose. I tied slowly along the road ahead of me, turning his head now and then to stare at me.

"Here goes," I muttered, my heart, hammering excitedly in my breast.

I threw with a wide loop. It settled easily over the great animal's neck. He looked startled. My horse, frenzied with fear, tightened the rope with a jerk that yanked Jerry back into a snarling struggling mass of fighting animal. I jumped, freeing my foot from the stirrup with a kick, and landed on all fours about ten feet from the indignant Jerry who had lost all sense of reason. He dug in his claws and almost jerked my horse from his feet.

JERRY gave a tremendous pull, apparently unhurt by the tightening noose that gripped his throat. The gelding, every muscle taut, stricken with a horrible fear of the maddened beast, leaped and plunged. There was a ripping sound of bursting cinches. I was helpless to do more than watch, almost wishing that I had succumbed to Jess's pleading for me to shoot the varmint. A struggling grizzly with the might of a thousand or so pounds of flesh behind his efforts is an awesome spectacle. In a splitting confusion of sound my horse dashed one way and Jerry another, the saddle bumping along behind. A mile further on I found where he had somehow removed the noose that had caused him such grievance.

About a month later I met the Supervisor at Old Faithful, and inquired after Jerry.

"Did you shoot him?" I asked.

"No;" he answered. "He's still around. He has been rather well behaved this past month and we are putting it off as long as possible. Kind of hate to kill the old brute. But what can we do?"

I told him about my experience with Jerry.

He laughed long and heartily.

"Give him a break," I pleaded. "Old Jerry is like a pal to me. Why I have known him for years."

He winked. And I left Jerry to the uncertainty of the future.

Continued from page 531

gave some flour and meat to Black Hawk so he'd behave himself. Then they brought nine of the chiefs back with 'em and I heard President Young tell Dimick Huntington to tell the Injuns he'd be ready to talk business with 'em as soon as ma had got 'em all fed."

"Gosh, I wish we could watch 'em. Was they eatin' when you left?"

"Yep."

"I believe there must be some way," and it was Joe's plan that finally had made it possible for the boys to see the thrilling spectacle enacted a short distance from their leafy hiding place.

WHEN the last man had smoked the peace pipe and the President and the other white men had retired to the house and the feather-decked redmen had glided silently into their wigwam, the two boys slid quietly down the tree and started toward the hay barn where Joe slept.

"Wish we could a heard what they said," Fred whispered.

"They was swearin' friendship. It makes you feel kinda funny the way they acted all so solemn-like. I'll bet it would be an awful thing if any of 'em broke their promise," Joe whispered back as they climbed the ladder that led to the hay loft.

FRED was asleep almost as soon as his head touched the hay but Joe lay thoughtful and quiet without any inclination to leave a state of consciousness fraught with so many interesting fancies. The moon was high and brilliant. Her weird light flooded the face of the towsled-headed boy at his side. It gave him a strange, ethereal expression. Joe remembered the pitiful look he had caught on his chum's face when he had ignored Fred's overtures toward a reconciliation. Something big and unexplainable stirred in Joe's heart. He loved this boy beside him—loved him better than any human being save his widowed mother, and yet he had found a cruel pleasure in hurting him.

"I ain't never goin' to do it again," he promised himself, "and what's more, I'm goin' to swear friendship to him like the Injuns did to Fred's pa and the other men tonight."

TO decide on a thing with Joe was to act. He slid out of his nest-like bed and hurried down the ladder. He knew exactly what he wanted. In the darkness of the lower barn his hands fumbled over the top of the big grain box. Quickly he selected a dry corn cob from the heap encountered.

"Forgot my knife," he muttered and with swift cat-like movements scaled the ladder.

Fred moved uneasily in his sleep and threw out an arm. Suddenly he sat bolt upright. "Where in heck are you, Joe?"

"Fixin' a peace pipe for us to smoke," Joe answered from the position he had taken by the big opening in the front of the barn.

Fred came over from the mound of hay. Sleep had dropped from him like an outworn garment. "What you goin' to use for the stem?"

"A strip of my bamboo fishin' pole."

TOGETHER the boys went to the woodshed for it and presently the two nocturnal prowlers had finished their task.

"Now for the matches. I'll get them from the house while you gather some of those dry lucern leaves and mash 'em up fine."

A few moments later two boyish forms were silhouetted in the square window of the hayloft.

"Raw heels and bloody bones who wants us come and get us," they chanted solemnly together, "if we ain't true to each other forever and forever."

That had set a seal upon a friendship which in the ensuing twelve years nothing had marred. Through their adolescence they had shared alike in the hardships and joys of their pioneer life. Together they tilled the fields in spring and summer, hunted deer in the autumn, and in the winter cut and hauled logs with their ox teams in nearby canyons.

JUDGE Halsom stirred a trifle in his seat. There was a memory of one certain winter that he couldn't recall even yet without a strange lifting of the heart. It was this memory that had prompted him to call out when he had seen the scarred face.

A half century had passed since that January morning when his axe had glanced from the tree he was chopping and cut an artery in his foot. Fred had taken him home where attics were scoured for cobwebs to stop the flow of blood, but when it became apparent that no known lore of the small town could entirely staunch the red stream, Fred's mouth set in grim lines.

"I'm going to snow-shoe over to Logan and get a doctor."

Fourteen hours later he staggered in from thirty miles of continuous travel; but it was the next day before Joe was conscious of his arrival or of the grisly wound across his cheek, left by a fall against a gnarled pine tree, or of the little doctor who probably saved the lives of both boys.

WHEN the haze had finally lifted and Joe realized just what that trip meant to him and to Fred, too, he put out a hand, waxen from the loss of blood, and tried to thank his pal.

"Shut your mouth, Joe. You haven't got enough strength to throw rocks on old Pete's porch."

That memory always made him uncomfortable so he had long since learned to close his mind against it. He shut it out now.

"Call out to Fred?" he thought, and a sardonic smile twisted his lips. "Not I. Not till h—— freezes over."

He brought out a slender platinum watch. Almost time. He glanced about. Though the seats appeared filled the aisles were still moving streams.

Someone was pushing in on the seat ahead, an old gentleman assisted by an usher and a plainly clad woman. As he took his seat his cane fell to the floor and rolled back. Immediately a young girl sitting next to Judge Halsom picked it up and handed it back. As the old man turned to thank her Judge Halsom felt that queer nerve shock again. *This was the long arm of coincidence.* Fred Montague on the seat ahead!

THE eyes of the two men met. Recognition dawned slowly in the face of the man ahead. Judge Halsom felt, rather than saw, an instinctive gesture of Fred's hand toward him—a gesture

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that died immediately in the presence of the other's stony gaze. For a full minute two pairs of eyes measured each other silently, old eyes that gradually sharpened with hate and anger and then without a word each man turned his face away.

Judge Halsom took a deep breath. That sight of Fred's face before he entered the building was fortunate. It had given him time to get hold of himself. No silly sentimentalism was going to break down a vow that had already held good an ordinary lifetime, a vow that had been made on these very Tabernacle grounds.

In their far off youth Joe, a natural skeptic in matters of the spirit, had deliberately chosen readings and associates during his two years' study of law in the East that had intensified his belief regarding religion.

IT was during the one brief vacation he had allowed himself that he had met Fred here in Salt Lake. Anxious to broaden his friend's mental horizon, he had set out with the high-handedness of youth to break down what he termed "Fred's religious shackles."

Fred himself, fresh from two years in the British mission met these onslaughts with an impatience for the other's viewpoint that matched his own. It was inevitable that trouble should result. Soon they were swept far beyond their moorings. Hot words led to hot rejoinders. Soon they were quarreling bitterly.

"Blind, ignorant, bigoted! You walk in shadows that blot out your own light," Joe scorned.

More mockery, more scathing words slashing into the tapestry of their friendship.

"You are a traitor to your own people, Joe Halsom. I'll never speak to you again."

"May God forgive me if I ever let you."

So they parted.

A CRASH of music tugged at Judge Halsom's consciousness. The great curtains in the west end of the Tabernacle were slowly sweeping aside. The gorgeous spectacle of the Creation unfolded before him. Episode after episode in the Gospel's plan of salvation swept before him, breathtaking in the gorgeousness of its setting and costume.

Across the back of the stage now he saw the pioneers leaving for the long trek ahead across the trackless plains. A frail, sunbonneted woman turned and waved to some one in the distance—someone she was leaving. Gently her stalwart husband took her arm and sought to lead her on, but still she stood and waved. Finally, with reluctant steps she joined the band ahead whose faces shone with impassioned rapture.

The poignancy of that one brief little drama left Judge Halsom using his handkerchief audibly and unashamed. That woman who bared her breaking heart in a backward glance and a wave of her frail hand might well have been his own mother. Those people singing, "Come, come ye Saints," were *his* people, say what he would. Out of their strength had come his own strength.

HE felt his identity mingle with theirs, his lips uttering the words of their song, his heart torn at their suffering or lifting in pride at their achievement. And in the midst of his exultation it was over. The Pageant was ended. The vast audience was shaking itself free from the spell. People moved and stirred about him.

He came back to reality with a jerk of astonishment and suddenly he felt old, heartsick, and lonely! The thing for which he had struggled so hard had turned to ashes in his mouth. He was cheated, bereft. The best things were long since gone.

Far down the aisle Fred Montague was borne along with the slow-moving tide of humanity. Judge Halsom could see the scar on his cheek. A moment more, and he, too, would be gone.

Suddenly the spectators were startled at the sight of an old man, impeccably dressed, bearing all the physical marks of culture, suddenly turn madman and push and jostle them with unbelievable strength in an effort to break through their ranks. When he saw that it was impossible, without a word of apology he left them, and began a rapid clambering over the back's of the benches. His old voice rose in an excited cry, "Fred! Fred Montague. Wait for me! It's Joe Halsom."

And down by the east door of the Tabernacle Fred Montague heard the voice and waited.

Camping

Continued from page 535

has its own emphasis and the name is of real help in working out the program." For example during Indian Week, the program consists of songs, Indian dances, ceremonies making tom toms, moccasins, bows and arrows, practicing archery and other skills, using special menus, wearing costumes and ending with a big "Pow Wow."

Certainly the unusual happening or mysterious quest plays an important part in making the day's fun more alluring. Among these we might list the following: Camp tradition ceremony, Topsy turvy day, the reunion or get-to-gether, camp banquet for the old campers, field day with sports for all, pageants and treasure hunts.

The camp tradition ceremony tells the camper through dramatization the story of the queer little people who long ago dwelt in this hollow or the big Indian chief and his tribe who years ago pitched their tepees, killed their game on this very spot and paddled their canoes in the clear waters of our lake or stream. Every Camp Director should seek authentic information about the campsite and surrounding territory. This historic data is invaluable in establishing a worthwhile traditional ceremony.

THE "Good Indian Call" has been a tradition in one camp and met with marked success. According to the tradition an Indian by the name of "Two Feathers" roamed years ago over the woods where the camp is now located. "Two Feathers" died years ago and his spirit, though in the happy hunting grounds is watching over the camp. When things run smoothly through the day, when every camper does his part and strives his best to make the day a successful one, the spirit of "Two Feathers" is happy and at the close of the day just before the campers turn in for the night, he signifies his approval by calling from some distant point. Sometimes the call is faint and far away, other times it is louder but it always comes if the day has been a successful one. The campers reply to the call of Two Feathers and his final answer "U-He-K e e t h-H a-M e, U-He-Keeth-Ha-Me" translated means "You been good to me." If the campers hear the call a certain number of times during the season a special belt decoration is given to them.

A "Hobo Outing" adds zest to the regular routine. The hot meal has been served at noon and the supper consists of cold tasties which can be packed in a bandana handkerchief or colored cloth. The corners are tied and fastened over the end of a stick three feet long which each camper gets for himself. With the campers dressed in "hobo" regalia and carrying their food pack over their shoulders the outing begins. After much adventure on the trail they arrive at an open space which previously has been selected, a fire is made and food eaten in real hobo style. The evening ends with stories around the camp-fire.

WITH this threefold endeavor of programing, each day's activities should be chuck full of fun and adventure.

If you happen in for a rainy camping period don't be discouraged. Be flexible and change the program to meet the weather conditions. If the weather is warm and a strenuous physical program has been planned change to more restful pastimes, such as crafts, reading, story-telling and writing the camp log. All weather is good camping weather.

In closing, may I urge upon all leaders to plan their camp programs in advance, to meet as far as possible every opportunity as it presents itself. Arrange these plans in a note book under songs, stunts, campfire programs, greetings, rainy day activities, and the like. Whenever a new item is discovered, add it to whatever division it belongs, and then as time goes on you will be the kind of a leader who can help campers get the most out of their camping experience.

"The Passion Play"—Movie

EXCERPTS from a letter written by Dr. Richard R. Lyman, a member of the quorum of the Twelve, to the booking agent of the moving picture, "The Passion Play," is self-explanatory:

"It is a pleasure to me to say that I saw this picture as it was presented in Salt Lake City and I enjoyed it tremendously. * * *

"I not only recommend the play, but urge all who have an opportunity to do so to see it.

"It is always a pleasure to have an opportunity of recommending anything so worthy and deserving as this excellent picture.

Very truly yours,
Richard R. Lyman."

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Nothing Ventured—Nothing Gained

Continued from page 527

It all dated back to that school dance when they were Sophomores. Carmen remembered the sensation Phil had created at the beginning of the Sophomore year when he came in, a stranger from a larger school. His football had brought him into the limelight during the first two weeks of school and before a month was over his popularity in all fields was assured.

She had been nice to him, as everyone else was, and he had seemed to like her until that evening when she innocently refused a dance with him because she had it with Stan Gray. And then Stan hadn't put in appearance and she had to cover up the slight by going to the dressing room with one of the girls. But she hadn't been able to get away before Phil saw her and he had been as mean as dirt to her ever since. Told Miriam that he wasn't used to having girls snub him and no one here could get away with it.

NOT that she cared for his friendship, she told herself. She never lacked for beaux, but it was disconcerting to have one of the most popular fellows in school ignore you for two and a half years. And then Miss Williams had given them the leads in the Senior play. Carmen had thought that maybe, having to play the part of her lover, he would sort of snap out of it off the stage. But he still acted as if she didn't exist.

"Here is your cue, Carm," Dick knocked hastily on the dressing room door. "Up and at 'em, Dido." He patted her shoulder comfortingly as she hurried out. "You're great. You will knock 'em cold tomorrow night."

Dick was always a comfort. She could play a wonderful lead opposite him.

She drew herself up to her full height, and swept regally on to the stage. She always felt, tho, that some of her dignity was lost in getting seated. Reclining on these absurd couches was always difficult and especially so tonight with a long satin train to manage. Why didn't Carthaginians sit on chairs like moderns? It simply wasn't possible to drop gracefully on to a hard wooden couch which sloped from its head only a foot from the floor down to the floor itself. The silken draperies might make it look sumptuous to the audience but they didn't relieve the hardness of the wood any.

Phil looked as if he positively enjoyed coming in to tell her that he and his companions were leaving in spite of her pleas, and it was hard to make her entreaties convincing. She would love the part if he didn't act so personal about it.

DICK'S praise on the way home partially restored her confidence in herself. "Gee, Carm, I'm proud of my girl. You're a knock-out. Only I get a little jealous of your handing out all that persuasion to Phil. If I didn't know you dislike him I would think you were crazy about him or you couldn't act the part so well."

"Well, that sounds as if I have a little bit of dramatic ability, Dick," Carmen answered dryly. "But my personal feelings toward him are the same as ever, only more so."

Dick laughed appreciatively. "Well, that's one bozo I don't have to be afraid of taking you away from me. Say, I sure hate

to take you right home tonight, but Miss Williams made us promise to hit the hay early. However, tomorrow night the whole cast is going out on a tear after the show."

He lingered a moment on the steps. "Gosh, Carm, I get fidgety watching Phil take you in his arms."

"Why, Dick." She burst into laughter. "You funny child! That is purely mechanical with him. He would as soon put his arms around a wooden post as me."

"All the same, I don't like it. Well, good-night, Sweet. See you tomorrow."

Edith came in to tell her good-night. "How did it go, Honey?"

"Absolutely punk, Eda. That vile Phil Messer riles me so I can't do myself justice."

THE older sister regarded her anxiously. "Oh, you mustn't fall down on your part, Carmen. Have you ever tried being nice to him? Maybe it is partly your fault."

Carmen lay awake a long time that night. She had done poorly for the first time. It was all very well for Dick to say she was a knock-out. Dick didn't have much dramatic sense anyway. But she knew, without anyone's telling her, that she had never done a role so poorly. And it was all because of that wretched Phil Messer. She had used his own tactics until now but someway she had lost her courage entirely tonight. He had been so attentive to Marcia tonight, too. It was tough to have a fellow of his calibre ignore you. She wasn't used to having fellows snub her, either.

And he was so good-looking! She pictured his tall muscular frame. She would look well with Phil. It was always more or less a source of concern because she towered—oh, just the slightest bit—above Dick. Dick was sort of fat, too. Oh, not fat exactly, but he—well, he didn't look quite as well as Phil. Phil's gray eyes were twinkling and tender too when they looked at other girls. Wonder how it would seem to have him look at her that way. Why, she would fall for him, of course. Fall hard, probably. But then there wasn't a chance of it. Or was there? Suppose she deliberately tried to win him over. Could she do it? Could she? What had Eda said? Maybe it was partly her own fault? It was worth a try, anyway. It might save her tomorrow night. And then—oh, it might make things more pleasant for all time.

SHE dressed carefully for school the next morning. Her new rose crepe became her marvelously. A glow of excitement flushed her cheeks. She coaxed her black hair into becoming waves. Her mind was busy with tactics of approach to the hitherto forbidden young man, but she discarded them as fast as she thought of them. She would have to depend on ingenuity when the opportunity presented itself.

It came sooner than she expected. Hurriedly turning the corner at Ninth Street, she almost collided with him. It was difficult to readjust herself after the shock of meeting as she met his cool nod and uplifted hat. But this was the time.

"Hello, Phil," she said sweetly.

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Phil's feet were carrying him on rapidly.

"Oh, Phil." Nothing encouraging about him as he turned and waited without speaking.

"I forgot. I have to go this way, too." She smiled at him guilelessly. "Have to get a note book for English."

"Oh." Phil's tone was chilly, to say the least. Stiffly he swung into step with her.

Carmen slipped her arm chummily through his and beamed up into his face.

"You know, Phil, I was punk last night and I wondered if you couldn't suggest how I could keep from being a complete flop tonight."

She ignored his look of incredulous amazement and chattered on. "You play your role so marvelously. I'll just be sick if I spoil your effect."

"Why, Carmen," he stammered. "You've been perfect yourself up until last night. I did think you weren't up to standard then."

"You know I was terrible," she objected with a you-know-so-much-more-than-I look in her soft brown eyes. "I know you can give me some pointers — if you will."

"Well, listen," he was speaking eagerly now. "I've thought all along that your suicide scene was a little too casual. Can't you pep up the dramatics there? You are supposed to be awfully sore at me and chagrined because I leave. Isn't chagrin supposed to drive a woman to desperate measures?"

"I've heard that it is," she replied with a coy pucker on her lips.

"But, say, I'm giving out all the advice. I can be improved on myself. You know the part where I first come into your palace. How would you—?"

* * * *

THERE was a nervous flutter behind the scenes. Seniors standing here and there giggling nervously and waiting with shivery little thrills for the scenes to be shifted so the play could be resumed; getting in the way of calm competent stage hands; standing at the ends of the curtain to peer excitedly out at the sea of faces in the pit below; running to a mirror to take a final peek at the paint-daubed unnatural faces that were their own. The play was going marvelously. The curtain had just gone down on Act II.

Miss Williams put her arms about Carmen with a sound that was half-a-laugh and half-a-sob. "Carmen, with all your past dramatic successes, I never dreamed you could act as well as you are doing tonight. You are splendid, my dear, simply splendid."

Phil stopped beside her groaning and holding his head. "My head is splitting," he confessed. "That darned helmet. It's agony to wear anything so tight."

She cooed her sympathy. "I'm so sorry, Phil. But stick it out a little while longer. You are a charming lover even if your head does ache."

She ran her fingers through his hair and thrilled at the twinkling tender look that flashed in his gray eyes.

"Gee, Carmen. You've got me guessing." He gave her arm a little squeeze and hurried away to change.

ACT III brought the play to a very successful end. And then there was an enthusiastic crowd of relatives and friends swarming about the stage, congratulating and flattering the cast. They had to pose for flash-light pictures. Cold cream had to be

HERE is Allen A. Taylor, of Plain City, returned missionary, snapped on the shore of the Society Islands with his pet turtle. Elder Taylor brought home two live sea turtles, several pairs of shark jaws, a rare and valuable group of pearls and some native jewelry and a shark skin.

vigorously rubbed in and grease paint rubbed off. Costumes had to be carefully hung up and arranged for tomorrow's packing.

With it all there was a continuous murmur of "Hurry up, we are going to the Green Mill."

Carmen didn't want to be hurried. She waved them all out, promising that she would be with them in a minute. She knew that Phil hadn't yet come out of the dressing room opposite.

Eda guessed how matters stood and whispered to Dick, "Be a good sport and run me home, Dick, will you?"

The sounds in the theatre gradually quieted. Property men turned out the lights on the stage, shrouding the erstwhile glittering setting in darkness. An eerie feeling this—standing motionless in such a definite silence only a few moments after so much noise and confusion.

The door opposite opened. She chose that moment to leave, herself. Phil was at her side.

"Not gone yet? I thought I was the last. I've been checking costumes for Mr. Mills."

"I wanted to relax a minute and soak in the success," she smiled.

"We made it, didn't we?" He took her arm possessively.

"Heavens," she said a little shakily. "We have to cross that ghastly dark stage to the outside door. Good thing you stayed. I would be scared stiff."

He patted her arm reassuringly. Then dropped it momentarily to search in his pocket for a match.

There was a thud, a scream, a moan, "Phil."

He found her by the light of his match, picked her up and whispered anxiously, "Are you hurt, dear? Are you all right?"

She relaxed in his arms and answered shakily. "I'm all right now, but that was a bad bump."

"You fell over one of those darn couches. Carmen," he held her tightly, "I always thought you hated me. Do you?"

"And I always thought you hated me. No, I don't. Do you?"

"Do I? I've always been crazy about you. But I was too stubborn to admit it. Look here, let's not go with the crowd. I want to make up for the two and a half years I've lost."

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

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Company	*Page*
Beneficial Life Insurance Company	Back Cover
Brigham Young University	571
Continental Oil Company	572
Deseret News Press	574
Ex-cel-cis School of Beauty Culture	572
First Security Corporation	Inside Front Cover
Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate	575
Grant, Heber J., & Company	575
Hotel Temple Square	573
L. D. S. Business College	573
Quish School of Beauty Culture	572
Utah High School of Beauty Culture	574
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328

-let's talk it over

"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a great wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not."—Francis Bacon. (1561-1626)

WHY NOT SHOOT?

WE are greatly in favor of shooting—but with a camera. Summer is the best time for out-of-doors shooting, so—why not shoot while the summer is here? In order to encourage shooting, the *Improvement Era* is going to offer some prizes for the best snap shots or photographs made between July 1 and September 10, so limber up the "gats" and begin with July. Photographs may be of any size and make. Details will be given in the August *Era*, but we wanted to give you all this hint now. Snaps of pets and people and of scenery and wild animals will be eligible.

OUR POETRY

A FRIEND up Idaho way has written this: "I have a little difficulty in recognizing as poetry all you have listed under that head." Somebody is always saying things about our poetry. We are glad; that indicates that they read it. We wish we could sit down with folks and talk poetry a bit with them. We think we print the best we get. We may be mistaken in that; yet, we think much of our poetry is very worthy. "Poetry is the expression in words of the meaning of life." Take our page for June, for instance. There we have Mrs. Fox, almost eighty years of age looking back upon eighteen. Does she know the meaning of life? Next is Virginia Eggertson, scarcely more than eighteen, ambitious, alive, alert, wondering if she will have found the meaning of life at eighty—should she seek a career or "kisses on the mouth?" Next comes Miss Cannon. In the April of life, herself, riding along with a friend in an auto on an April Day, she catches the breathless ecstacy of youth. Mr. Dobson travels in books; Olive W. Burt, of pioneer stock, rebels at high grades and scars made by new roads where friendly wagon tracks once beckoned; Walter Teed afraid that he's afraid; and Walter's seeking proof of God. And then from far-off New Zealand Watene Makaia, a native with his soul in his eyes, sent us "Diadem." We must not overlook at least one poem off the regular page. That one is "The Monument" on page 478, by Gwen Linford. That is the sermon-philosophical type of poem, but it does have a good idea, doesn't it?

THAT JUNE COVER

MR. Kent Crosby, of Evanston, Wyoming, arises to defend his state scenery. "I want to register a great big kick!!" says Mr. Crosby, using two exclamation points just like that. "I glanced at the cover on the *Era* for June and recognized a familiar scene; then I looked inside and found it labelled a "Mountain Scene in Idaho" or some such thing. It is not in Idaho. That scene is photographed from the "bay" on Jenny's Lake in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, about 75 or 100 feet from the footbridge, etc., etc." We don't blame Mr. Crosby for protesting. The idea of mistaking the Grand Tetons for any other mountains in the world! We apologize, humbly, with thanks for the correction.

SOME OF THE WRITERS OF THIS ISSUE

DR. Harold W. Bentley, of New York, grew up in Mexico, took his Bachelor's degree from Brigham Young University and his Ph. D. degree from Columbia University. He has lived several years on Harlem Heights, Washington's famous battleground. *Elva Moss Wessel*, was formerly a Salt Lake girl, but she is now living in New York City where her husband is connected with National Headquarters, Boy Scouts of America. *Edna I. Asmus* is a free-lance writer living in Chicago. She came West last summer and was much impressed by Utah and Arizona scenery. She will appear in a future issue. *E. W. Taylor* is a young Salt Laker who has spent some time in the open spaces especially around Yellowstone Park. *Joseph B. Harris* lives in Blanding, Utah, where he has been in close contact with Navajo Indians all his life. He belongs to the San Juan Stake presidency. *Karl E. Young* teaches English and French at Brigham Young University. He loves Indians and Indian lore, and is at home in war paint and war dances. *Maxa Million* is a fictitious name of a Utah lady who contributes frequently to these columns. *Beatrice Ekman* lives high on the hill east of Salt Lake where daily she knows "The Lure of a Sea and a City." *President B. S. Hinckley* needs no further introduction to *Improvement Era* readers.

IDAHO SCHOOL TEACHER WRITES

JUST finished reading the *Improvement Era*. I like it more and more all the time and what favorable comments I've heard about the covers each month!

"I'm especially interested in the 'let's talk it over' corner."

REPORTS OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS

AS a general rule, a page of statistics is not particularly interesting to look upon, and sometimes a study of it reveals little to the uninitiated. In this issue of the *Era* there is such a page which tells so much about the activities of the young people of the Church that we feel justified in calling the attention of *Era* readers to it.

Reports from about seventy stakes and three missions show that awards for A standard accomplishments were given to a great many people. In Drama, about 2950 gained recognition; in dancing, 1400; awards were made to 3341 for A standard music achievement; 844 for Public Speaking and about the same for the Retold Story.

A rough estimate would lead to the conclusion that for every award made, there were five or six in a ward who were not thus honored, by which it would be fair to assume that in these localities between fifteen and twenty thousand participated in drama during the season just closed, about seven thousand in dancing, over twenty thousand in music, and four thousand or more in each of the lines of Public Speaking and Retold Story. The reports cover about 2/3 of the Church, so to make it complete, add a third to the numbers. Those who were privileged to hear and see the results of this delightful period of activity demonstrated at June Conference, will appreciate the fact that the young Latter-day Saints are engaged in a program which should put into their lives unparalleled bits of the joy which comes of doing things.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE?

WE'RE always eager to find out what people like and what they do not like. Of course we cannot please everybody with every thing in the *Improvement Era*. The fact that in the Church among its readers there are people ranking from fifth grade boys and girls to doctors of medicine, doctors of philosophy, university presidents, and world renowned scientists would indicate that the best we can hope to do is to get something in the magazine which will have a special appeal to each one and something which will have a general appeal to the majority. We're trying to strike the happy medium. We'll appreciate your kindness if you'll read this number carefully and then vote for the stories, poems and articles which pleased you most.

I vote for_____as my first choice;

_____as my second;_____

as my third.

Among the poems I like_____best;

_____second best.

Signed_____

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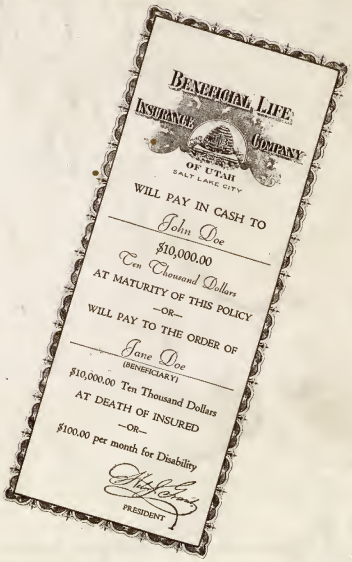
YOU SAVE CONSISTENTLY

YOU INVEST SAFELY



The Beneficial Life Insurance Plan

Creates an estate immediately, and maintains it with annual, semi-annual, or quarterly premium payments of only 1 to 3 per cent of the principal amount. THE SAFEST, EASIEST, SUREST METHOD. THE PRINCIPAL AMOUNT IS THERE AT THE START. DIVIDENDS ARE PAID EACH YEAR, AS ALL BENEFICIAL POLICYHOLDERS SHARE IN THE NET EARNINGS OF THE COMPANY.

Life Insurance is the One Savings Plan That Has Maintained a Value of 100 Per Cent and is Withdrawable "Right Now"

Is your Life Insurance BENEFICIAL

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

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